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John W. Langdale, General Editor

WEEK-DAY SCHOOL SERIES

GEORGE HERBERT BETTS, Editor

LIVING TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

ELSIE BALL



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LIVING TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

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CHAPTER I

HOW MANY HALF HOURS IN A DAY?

OWEN dashed into the school building, went up the stairs two steps at a time, and slipped into his seat in the home room just before the bell sounded. The other boys and girls smiled, but Mr. Pratt, the home-room teacher, looked annoyed.

"I really ought to mark you tardy," he said. "This is the third morning this week that you have disturbed the room by coming in at the last minute."

When his first study period came, Owen received a slip calling him to the principal's office. He had never before had to report to Mr. Miller, and he spent an unhappy ten minutes waiting his turn in the outside office.

"What is the trouble with your English, Owen?" asked the principal. "This report card looks as if you are in danger of failing."

"The lessons are too long," Owen answered. "I could get them but I don't have time enough. I worked last night until ten o'clock, and then my father made me go to bed."

"You should have been in bed and asleep by ten o'clock," Mr. Miller observed. "How many hours had you worked on your English when your father stopped you?"

Owen twisted around in his chair. "Well, I began right after supper."

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"What time was that?"

"About seven."

"Did you work three hours on your English?"

"I didn't study all the time. I had to go—to a place."

"To a movie?"

"Yes." Owen had been afraid that the principal would scold him, but this questioning was much more embarrassing.

"You were out from seven until nine—probably nine-fifteen before you got home. Then did you begin work immediately?"

"Well, just about. I had to look for my book; that took a little while."

"As much as half an hour?"

"Oh, no; five or ten minutes."

"Then you worked steadily until ten o'clock?"

"No," Owen answered, "my father began to tell me to go to bed about nine-thirty."

"How many times did you stop to tell him you had to do your English?"

"Oh, four or five times."

"What time do you eat supper, Owen?"

"About six-thirty."

"That was three hours after school was dismissed." The principal looked at the card again. "You live just four blocks away. How long does it take you to walk home?"

"I didn't go right home," Owen answered. "They were trying out the kids for the second ball team, and I stayed for that."

"I watched that," said Mr. Miller. "Everyone was gone by quarter after four. Did you go directly home after that?"

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"I don't remember what I did," Owen replied. "I fooled around a while with Pete and Shorty. Then it was supper time."

The principal leaned back in his chair. "Can you tell time, Owen?" he asked. "What time is it now?"

"It's about a quarter to eleven," Owen answered.

"I should say, sixteen minutes to eleven," the principal said, sharply. "Whenever you have spoken of time, Owen, you have said it was 'about' this or that. If you wanted to take a train that left the station at nine-fifty-five you couldn't catch it by reaching the station *about* ten o'clock. Now, Owen, I am going to give you a chance to make up your English, but it will be on one condition."

"Yes, sir." Owen began to look hopeful.

"Every morning, before school, you must bring me a time-schedule of all that you did the day before, from the time you got up until you went to bed. Divide the day into half hours, and make a report on what you did each half hour."

"Could I bring the report at my first free period instead of before school?" asked Owen. Then seeing the principal's expression, he added hastily, "Yes, sir, I will bring it the first thing in the morning."

"Many of our pupils," said the principal, "have to spend from an hour and a half to two hours each day, on the way to and from school. Most of them have to help at home, or sell papers, or run errands for the grocer. You seem to have nothing to do but your school work, and yet you can't find time even to do that."

Owen turned in his time reports every morning;

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but for several weeks the principal made no comment on them.

One day, just before the close of the term, he was again called to the office. The principal had a row of the reports spread out before him.

"I see your schedule is getting heavier," he said. "You have joined the Scouts, and you are taking violin lessons. And what does 'w. w.' mean?"

"Washing windows," Owen answered, grinning. "The cleaning woman broke her arm and I've been helping mother. I cleaned the basement, too, and a bunch of us guys have been taking turns helping the traffic policeman when the little kids come out of the Whittier School. That's Scout work. They get out fifteen minutes later than we do. I've read *Treasure Island* and two exploring books this term. And I help father in the shop every Saturday morning."

"Your marks have been coming up right along," said the principal. "How do you find time to do so much?"

"There are more half hours in a day than I realized," Owen answered.

Home Work:

1. Read Matthew 25. 1-12. The five girls who were left out started as early as the others. What was the real trouble with those girls?

2. Work out a time-schedule for yourself, for each day in the week. If possible, keep an exact record of the time when you get up, eat breakfast, go to school, and so on, each day. Can your schedule be improved? What is the value of regular habits?

Discussion:

1. Mary came to school late. "I couldn't help it,"

HOW MANY HALF HOURS IN A DAY?

she told the teacher. "My shoe lace broke, and I couldn't find another and I had to change my shoes." What would you answer, if you were the teacher?

2. Louis sat up reading an adventure story until long after he should have been in bed. The next morning he said to Theodore: "Let me copy your home work. I didn't have time to do mine last night." What should Theodore do?

3. When John was on his way to school, a neighbor called to him. "Please stop at the drug store and telephone for Doctor Babcock," she said. "My baby is sick and I can't get Central." If John stops to telephone, he will be late. What should he do?

4. Carl has to cross the railroad tracks on his way to school. One morning just as he reached the tracks the gates closed. Carl ran under the gate, dodged a freight train and a switch engine, and got to school on time. What do you think about that?

CHAPTER II

BRÖNLUND

WIDE, ragged expanses of many-times frozen snow stretched on endlessly. In the long darkness of the polar night, tempered only by thin, faint rays from the stars, the ice fields took on the look of a ghostly prairie.

It was unbelievably cold. When the sun, for the last time in many months, had sunk out of sight behind the menacing cliffs of ice that fringed Danmark Fjord, Captain Mylius-Erichsen's instruments had recorded a temperature of fifty degrees below zero. It was now much lower than that mark. Brönlund had lived in the north most of his life; he was an Eskimo, and a native of the arctic circle; but he had never known such bitter, racking cold.

His hands and feet were frozen; his brain was numb. Pain seared his body like a flame; he was conscious of nothing but his aching misery.

If only he dared to lie down and sleep! He would not wake again—that was certain; but that thought brought no terror to his mind. Hagen was dead; he had lived only a few days after the terrible two weeks' drifting on the ice floe that had cost the men their last opportunity to reach Danmarkhaven, where the ship was waiting, for when they finally reached land the long arctic night had set in.

"At any rate," the captain had said—how brave he was, that Mylius-Erichsen!—"we can push on to

BRÖNLUND

Lambert's Island. There we shall find provisions and shelter."

But Hagen could not push on. Brönlund made a place for him on the sledge, but the four famished dogs, one by one, gave up the struggle. The three men salvaged what little equipment they most needed and again started on their way. Then Hagen dropped out. Brönlund had felt a terrible fear when Hagen died.

"The captain will die too," he thought, "and I shall be left alone."

But the captain did not die. "We must go on, Brönlund," he said. "We must reach Lambert's Island and put our records away safely before we stop to rest."

Ah, yes, the records! Brönlund had gone to school. He knew that the records were priceless. For the first time in the history of the world the map of northeast Greenland could be drawn accurately. Brönlund knew what painstaking labor had gone into that survey. Then, too, for the first time the channel between Spitsbergen and Greenland had been charted. It was a work of enormous value. Whatever happened, the records must not be lost.

The food was now quite gone. They needed it doubly, for heat as well as for strength. It was laborious traveling, over the slippery ice. Violent winds blew from the east, laden with sharp snow pellets; they swirled about thickly, obscuring the way, shutting out even the spectral starlight. But Mylius-Erichsen went on steadily; fifteen, sixteen, even twenty miles in a day; watching at every step for the treacherous crevasses which opened threateningly beneath their feet. Brönlund plodded on too.

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His suffering was so great that he had no longer any desire to live, but he would not die and desert his captain.

Then, like a fire that has burned too brightly, Captain Mylius-Erichsen's life suddenly went out. His last thought was for the records. Brönlund whispered a promise through cracked and swollen lips.

Now Brönlund was all alone. The shelter on Lambert's Island was still miles away. It was painful to make the slightest movement; the very thought of the distance yet to be traveled was torture.

But Brönlund had always done his duty. Resolutely he shook off the stupor that was creeping over him. On again he went as long as his frozen feet would carry him; then painfully on hands and knees across the cruel ice.

He was a mere shadow of a man when at last he stumbled into the hut on Lambert's Island. His fur garments hung in grotesque rags about him. He was almost blind, and his body shook with weakness and weariness.

With stiff, frozen fingers he made his entry in his diary. It was twenty-six days since the three men had started on their amazing journey through the darkness from Danmark Fjord; in that time, he, the survivor, had come one hundred and sixty miles.

Carefully he bound up the precious records and put them away in a protected place. Then, contentedly, he wrapped his cloak about him and lay down to rest. He would soon meet his captain again; he could report proudly, "You trusted me and I did not fail you."

BRÖNLUND

Home Work:

1. Read Matthew 24. 45-47.
2. Read in the first chapter of the book of Daniel a story about four boys who were trustworthy away from home.
3. On a plain sheet of paper draw parallel lines from top to bottom so as to make two columns, as in a cash book. Over one column write "Received" and over the other, "Paid Out." Then make an itemized account of the money you have received and spent for one month.
4. How does keeping an exact account of what one spends help one to be trustworthy in handling money?

Discussion:

1. Theodore borrowed Martin's gold pencil. Theodore let James use it, and James lent it to somebody else. When Martin asked for it, no one knew where it was. "It wasn't my fault," Theodore said. What do you think of this situation?

2. Charles promised to help his younger brother make a wagon. But the other boys asked him to play ball, and he forgot about helping Danny. "Danny's only a little kid," he said when his mother spoke to him about it.

3. Earl accidentally broke a large window in the shoe factory. Lowell saw him, but promised not to tell. The boys have heard that the watchman is held responsible and may be discharged for carelessness. Earl refuses to own up. What should Lowell do?

4. Rita goes on Wednesday afternoons after school to stay with her grandmother, who has been ill. Sometimes her grandmother sleeps all the time that Rita is there. Once she went for a drive without leaving word for Rita. On this Wednesday afternoon the other girls in the science class are going to the lake to collect specimens, which Rita will need to complete her work. Rita has tried to telephone to her grandmother, but cannot get an answer. The girls are calling her. What shall she do?

CHAPTER III

THE PICNIC

"I'LL have to sit with the driver. I know just where I want to go, and I'll have to show him the way." Dudley climbed into the front seat and settled himself there. "This will be the only comfortable place in the car," he was thinking. "A guy has to look out for himself."

"There's room for one more on the front seat," Sam suggested.

"No," Dudley spoke up quickly, "the driver must have plenty of room. You kids will have to double up."

"I'll say we have to double up," Sam replied. "Hey, you Hermann, move over and make room for Mr. Cole. Heinie's got his feet in the lunch. Can't we put that stuff in the back? Hold this basket, Bill, while I fix a place for it. You ought to do some work for your room and board. Now, Peanuts, move along and let me squeeze in. No, we're all right, Mr. Cole. We're all skinny guys; we don't need much space."

The big car started along the road to the beach, twenty-five miles away. Dudley, sitting comfortably on the front seat, could hear the other boys laughing, but could get only a confused idea of what they were saying and doing. It was his birthday and his party and his grandfather's limousine, but he really was not having a very good time.

THE PICNIC

It did not seem fair to Dudley. After all, he thought, he was a much more important boy than any of the others—even than his cousin Sam. He was older than Sam; indeed, he was the oldest grandchild in the Doran family; and he expected some day to be the head of his grandfather's big lumber business. Certainly he had a right to the best seat in the car—but at the same time he did not like to miss out on all that the other boys were doing.

The boys reached the picnic grounds in high spirits and began at once to gather wood for a camp-fire. Sam carried several armfuls of wood and also dragged to a sheltered place two good-sized logs, which, with the help of the chauffeur, he arranged so that there would be a good fire for cooking. Then he helped to cut and trim sticks to skewer the wieners on, and stood over the coals roasting the hot dogs until his face was as red as the flames.

Dudley, meanwhile, spent a good bit of time getting two or three rugs out of the car and spreading them on the sand. When some of the boys took a rowboat and went out on the lake, Dudley sat in the boat, but the other boys did the rowing.

When the water had been carried and the food prepared, Dudley appeared with his plate, but as soon as he had eaten he became very much interested in seeing that the car was all right, and he stayed looking over the upholstery and metal work until all the food and dishes were picked up and cleared away.

So it went all the afternoon. Dudley made sure that he did not do more than his share of any of the work, and whenever he saw a chance to take a little advantage he made the most of it.

When the boys got back to town Sam went

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promptly to Mr. Doran and told him about the good time he had at the picnic. But Dudley was tired and inclined to complain. The boys were "too fresh," he told his grandfather.

Mr. Doran was disappointed.

"The boys don't like Dudley," he thought. "Sam seems to get along with other people much better than Dudley does. I must give Sam a chance in the business as soon as he is old enough."

So perhaps it will be Sam, instead of Dudley, who will some day take Mr. Doran's place.

Sam has a good time wherever he is. He is just as willing to shovel coal into the furnace as to gather wood for a campfire; and he thinks it is just as much fun to scour the stew kettle and polish the sink for his mother as to tidy the camp grounds after a picnic.

But poor Dudley rarely has a good time. He is always worried for fear he won't get all that is "coming to him"; or that somebody will "put something over on him."

Home Work:

1. Read Matthew 20. 1-16.
2. Make a loose-leaf scrapbook in which to keep stories, news items, poems, and pictures which help to explain or illustrate your work in this course. For a book that will stand considerable wear, it is best to use three metal rings, and paper with re-enforced perforations. Bind the book with heavy cover paper, which can be appropriately lettered.

Discussion:

1. Carl worked hard in history because his father had promised him ten dollars if he was promoted.

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Dora worked hard because she wanted to keep her standing in the class.

Philip loved history. His ancestors had helped to settle and develop the state, and he was very much interested in everything he read about the days when his grandfather and great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather lived.

What benefit do you think Carl received from studying history? Dora? Philip?

2. Scientists and inventors sometimes make discoveries or inventions which are worth a great deal of money. Should they keep all this money for themselves? If not, how much ought they to keep? Should anyone keep more money for himself than he needs for necessary expenses?

3. Is it right to ask a fair price for what one does, and to insist on being paid?

CHAPTER IV

A BOY OF OLD FRANCE

HIGH above the banks of the Dordogne River in the canton of Perigord, in France, stands an ancient castle. Its massive walls rise directly from the sheer cliff that forms the river banks; and its wide, feudal towers overlook the surrounding country for miles.

It is a grim, forbidding sort of place. Its walls have witnessed deeds of cruelty as well as of courage; it carries an air of mystery and romance, and hints at dark secrets kept for centuries.

But though the castle of Fénelon appears formidable it has been the home of many happy children. Boys and girls have raced up and down the great stairways; they have wandered over the rounded, grassy hills near by, picking the flowers in the meadows and wading in the clear, swift brooks; they have listened to the tales the shepherds told as they rested with their flocks in the shade cast by the heart-shaped leaves of the linden trees.

In the middle years of the seventeenth century Count Pons de Salignac was lord of the castle. In his day the heavy walls echoed constantly to the sound of youthful feet and the shouts and laughter of fresh young voices. But in those days boys and girls often assumed serious responsibilities very early in life; so one by one the fifteen children of Fénelon Castle left home to go to school or to carve out their careers in the world.

A BOY OF OLD FRANCE

The youngest son, Francis, was kept at home until he was twelve years old. He was very fond of books; perhaps his liking for reading was one reason why he was his father's favorite. Francis loved his home; he loved the hills and the streams and the green trees of his native country.

The children of the castle had a sorrel pony which carried them up and down the roads and lanes. It was quite old and slow when Francis' turn came to learn to ride. Indeed, by that time nearly everything about the place showed signs of wear and age; for the count, who was getting along in years, no longer had either the energy or the money to keep things up properly. Count Pons de Salignac had a long lineage; he belonged to one of the most distinguished families in France; but he was not rich.

When Francis was twelve years old, a day came which he was to remember all his life. Lonely and sad, and more than a little frightened, he watched a group of anxious-faced people go from one room to another, making lists of the ancestral portraits, the old but still lovely pieces of furniture, the silver, and the family jewels. It was a discouraging task. The handsome tapestries and purple silk hangings that covered the castle walls were threadbare in places, and the velvet-cushioned chairs were really shabby. The silver candlesticks were beautifully polished, but they too bore marks of hard usage.

Francis knew why these people lowered their voices, and why their faces became still more anxious when he came near. His father had died, and there was little left with which to provide for him.

But in a few days a message came from his uncle, the marquis de Fénelon: "I will take care of Francis."

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So the boy's possessions were packed up; and one day, after bidding the sorrel pony a loving good-by, Francis rode away behind the blind old coach horses to the home of his uncle.

The marquis promptly sent him off to school.

"Francis has been petted too much," the marquis said. "He has a pleasant disposition, but perhaps that is simply because he has always been able to do as he pleased. We shall see how he behaves when he has stricter discipline."

Before long the marquis received a report from the school.

"Francis obeys well and does excellent school work," the teachers said. "He is the most popular boy in the school."

"So much attention is not good for any boy," the marquis thought. "I am afraid Francis will be spoiled."

But there was no insincerity or pretense in Francis' courtesy and friendliness. The only effect of the praise and admiration he received was that he tried harder to live up to his friends' good opinion of him, and was more considerate of others who were not so well treated as he was.

When Francis grew older, he wished to go to Canada as a missionary to the Indians. Years before a half-brother of Francis had gone on the same mission.

"Francis must not go," said his uncle. "It would be too hard a life for him."

Francis had never been very strong. Perhaps when he was a child he had spent too much time in the dark old castle, reading, when, for the sake of his health, he would have been better employed

A BOY OF OLD FRANCE

riding the sorrel pony or climbing the big trees that grew on the hills. So, although he made several attempts to be accepted as a missionary, he was refused every time.

He was greatly disappointed. "But I will find missionary work to do in France," he said.

He lived in a small room and spent his time helping the people who were poor and in trouble. He might have had a fine position if he had been willing to make friends with certain rich and powerful persons. But these persons taxed and oppressed the poor in order that they themselves might live in luxury.

"I do not wish to live in ease while others suffer," Francis said. Often he even went without food so that he might have more to give away.

Meanwhile, all over France the Protestants, who were called Huguenots, were having a very hard time. Although the king, Louis the Fourteenth, was not at all a good man, he thought himself very religious, and persecuted all the people who did not belong to his church. Life in France became so difficult and dangerous for the Huguenots that four hundred thousand of them fled to other lands—to England and Germany and Switzerland and Holland and America. Some were frightened into turning Catholic, but they were not happy at being compelled to change their religion.

"Perhaps, after all, we are making a mistake," the king thought.

He decided to send Francis, who had now taken the name of Fénelon, to see what had best be done. This turned out to be a wise choice. Fénelon sincerely sympathized with the Huguenots in their troubles. He was a devout Catholic, and wanted

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others to believe as he did, but he was sorry to see the Huguenots persecuted.

"That is not the true spirit of the gospel," he said. "Kings should not interfere in matters of religion. We should give civil liberty to all."

The king had sent soldiers to threaten the Huguenots, and even to kill them if they refused to become Catholics. Fénelon told the king that he would not begin work until all the soldiers had left the province.

So the soldiers were sent away. When Fénelon found people who could not be persuaded to change their religion he did all that he could to help them to get away safely to some other country where they would not be persecuted. He made such a good impression by his kindness and fairness that the king wanted to know more about him. It happened that Fénelon had written a book about how girls should be educated.

"Perhaps he also knows how to educate boys," said King Louis.

He sent for Fénelon to come to court and serve as tutor of his namesake and grandson, Prince Louis, the little Duke of Burgundy.

Home Work:

1. Read in Luke 7. 1-10 and in Luke 17. 11-19 two stories showing how Jesus treated people of different nationality and religion from his own.

2. Find out all that you can about the work of the French missionaries among the Indians. What French missionaries are remembered as explorers and discoverers?

3. Do any of our missionaries to-day work under as dangerous conditions as the French missionaries did? In what lands? What can you tell about them?

A BOY OF OLD FRANCE

Discussion:

1. In a certain junior high school the boys and girls of certain nationalities are excluded from membership in all clubs and societies. What do you think of that situation?

2. The students in a high school went on a strike because a boy of a different race was enrolled in the school. Discuss this situation.

3. Harriet's parents were poor and found it difficult to provide good clothing for all the children in the family. When the pupils in the junior high school were asked to contribute to a fund for people who were starving in the Far East, Harriet put in the money which her mother had given her to buy a pair of galoshes. What do you think of this?

4. How can we help people who beg on the streets? People who come to the door asking for food? People who sing, or play hand organs on the street?

CHAPTER V

PRINCE LOUIS

As the Duke of Burgundy, who was now only seven years old, was the heir to the throne after his father, his teacher had an important position. But it was a hard place, because the little boy was almost unmanageable. He was "an object of terror" to everyone around him. If the weather did not suit his plans, he would become furiously angry. If there was something which he did not want to do, and the clock struck the hour for him to do it, he was very likely to break the clock. He ate greedily. He liked to play games, but since he always insisted on winning, everyone was afraid to play with him. He thought that because he was a prince he was better than other people; in fact, he thought that he was a different sort of being from ordinary people. He even considered himself much above his two little brothers, whom he looked upon as a sort of link between himself and the rest of the world—of finer quality than other people but not so good as he.

Such a child naturally had few friends. He had quite a retinue of servants and guards, but they all were tired of his cruel talk and his fits of anger.

"Tell us what to do with him," they said to Fénelon.

"The best thing to do," said Fénelon, "is to pay no attention to him when he is naughty. Don't answer him; don't even look at him if you can help it."

PRINCE LOUIS

So when Prince Louis behaved badly, everyone about him became perfectly quiet. They did not speak to him; if they looked at him, it was with an expression of pity. They took away from him all his books and everything that he used in work and play.

The prince enjoyed making people afraid of him, but he did not like to have them act as if they were sorry for him. He did not like to be treated as if he did not have good sense. He began to realize that his bad temper made him appear weak and silly.

"I really must behave more sensibly," he said to himself.

Fénelon tried in many ways to help him. He wrote fables and stories which taught the lessons which he wished the prince to learn. Here is part of one of these stories:

"What terrible woe has befallen Melanthe? He has everything to please him. Outwardly everything is all right, but the trouble is within him. Last night, when he went to bed, he was the joy of the whole earth. This morning everyone is ashamed of him and tries to keep him out of sight. While he was dressing a tuck in his blouse displeased him, so he will be angry all day long and everyone will suffer. He makes people afraid of him; he makes them sorry for him. He cries like a child; he roars like a lion. His thoughts are as black as his fingers are when they are soiled with ink. Don't talk to him about the things he liked a minute ago; just because he liked them then he cannot endure them now. He contradicts and irritates and annoys everyone; then he is angry because no one will

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quarrel with him. When he can't find fault with others, he gets cross with himself; says he is good for nothing and will never be any better. He wants to be alone but he cannot bear solitude; he comes back among others and quarrels with everyone near him. If they say nothing, his feelings are hurt; if they speak softly, he thinks they are talking about him; if they speak in their ordinary voices, he thinks they are unkind to be happy while he is sad. If they are serious, he thinks they are angry with him; if they smile, he thinks they are laughing at him.

"What can we do? Only be patient with him, and hope that to-morrow he will be as good as he was yesterday. These strange tempers go as they come. When they seize him he is like a machine with a broken spring; his mind runs backward."

"That is just the way I act," Prince Louis thought, when he read the story. "It is not right. A prince should really be a model of courtesy and good behavior."

He tried hard to improve. Little by little his school work became more satisfactory, and all the while he was learning to behave more as a prince should.

Probably Fénelon's example was worth more to the prince than his teaching. Although Fénelon was poor and received no salary for teaching his royal pupil, he never asked for anything. The prince was puzzled by this. Even at his age he was quite used to being flattered by insincere people who wanted him to do favors for them. But Fénelon never flattered him.

"I wonder why he does so much for me?" the

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prince thought. "He does not want anything for himself. It must be that he really is my friend."

He became very fond of Fénelon. But sometimes, in spite of his affection for his teacher, he would be rude and disobedient. At one time Fénelon had to speak to him quite severely.

"Really, monsieur," the prince answered, haughtily, "I know who I am, and I know what you are!"

Fénelon made no reply. The prince expected some sort of punishment, but Fénelon paid no attention to him, and did not speak to him for the rest of the day.

The next morning, as soon as the prince was awake, Fénelon sent for him. The boy went eagerly, but Fénelon did not meet him with his usual affectionate greeting. Instead, he spoke to him in a distant and ceremonious fashion, as if the prince were a stranger.

"Perhaps, sir," he said, "you remember that yesterday you told me that you know who you are and what I am. It is my duty to inform you that you do not know either of these things. You think that you are greater than I am. Your servants may tell you that you are, but you make it necessary for me to tell you that I am superior to you. You yourself can see that birth has nothing to do with this question. You must admit that I am your superior in knowledge. I have taught you all that you know, and that is only a very small part of what I still have to teach you. As to authority, you have none over me; while the king and your father both have often told you that I have full and absolute authority over you. Perhaps you think that I am

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glad to be your teacher, but you are mistaken. I am teaching you simply because the king wished me to; I certainly never would have asked for so hard a job. Now I am going to take you to the king and ask him to find another teacher for you, who will, I hope, be more successful than I have been."

The prince turned pale with astonishment and fright. No one had ever before spoken to him in this way.

"Oh, please don't go to the king!" he cried. "I am sorry for what I said; I will never be rude to you again! Please don't go away!"

Fénelon was really sorry for the prince, but he realized that the boy must learn to be more willing to work with others or he could never be happy. So he did not reply at once.

His silence frightened the prince more than ever. "The king will be angry," the boy said, pleadingly. "Perhaps he will send me away. No one will like me, if you leave. Please forgive me, and I will promise to be good."

Louis was true to his word. He was never again rude to his teacher; instead he tried in every way to please Fénelon and to become like him. Before many weeks had passed his conduct changed so greatly that he seemed like a different boy. He learned to play fairly and to share his treats with his brothers and his attendants.

"You must learn to rule yourself," Fénelon told him, "or you will never learn to rule others."

Home Work:

1. Learn this verse: "To whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required: and to whom they commit

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much, of him will they ask the more" (Luke 12. 48b).

2. Look up the meaning of *noblesse oblige*.

3. Look up a story about how a person with power and influence used his power to help others. Perhaps you can find such a story about one of these men: Alfred the Great; Washington; Lincoln; Wilson; Roosevelt.

You can read about Alfred the Great in *King Alfred*, in the series, "Heroes Every Child Should Know." It is edited by H. W. Mabie. Or you can read Chapter III of Dickens' *Child's History of England*, which tells about the reign of Alfred.

Discussion:

1. Jean draws and paints cleverly. She thinks that because she is talented she should have special privileges in school and at home. What do you think about this?

2. Do you agree with Fénelon, that a prince should learn courtesy and self-control in order that he may be able to rule wisely? How would that idea work out in the United States, where every boy and every girl will have a chance to help to make the laws when they grow up?

3. Arnold's little brother Bobby is very excitable. Arnold says that when Bobby goes to school the other boys will tease him; so he is trying to get Bobby used to being teased. Arnold takes Bobby's toys away from him and pretends he is breaking them up. He picks up Bobby's puppy and threatens to give it to the garbage man. He always returns the toys and the puppy unhurt, but meanwhile Bobby is screaming with fright and anger. What do you think of Arnold's method? How would you handle Bobby?

CHAPTER VI

A BOOK AND A BLUNDER

As the years went by, a great hope grew up in Fénelon's heart. The splendor and extravagance which he saw all around him made him feel that the country ought to have a different sort of government.

"Things would be better," he thought, "if we had a king who really loved the poor people and tried to treat them fairly. Perhaps I can help Louis to grow up to be that sort of king."

It really seemed as if Prince Louis might some day be all that Fénelon hoped. He became a truly religious boy, and tried to serve God by his life as well as by his words.

His relatives were proud of him.

"He is so kind and unselfish," they said, "one would think he was naturally good."

Fénelon often talked with the prince about what he should do when he became king. He wrote a long story for Louis, called "The Adventures of Telemachus." The story was about a prince named Telemachus; and although it was a kind of fairy story it described the sort of persons whom a prince was likely to meet, and the sort of experiences he was likely to have. One of the characters was a king who was more anxious to win glory for himself than to help his people. He was really quite a little like King Louis. There were other characters

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in the story who were more or less like men and women at the French court; some who were good, and some who were foolish and selfish.

In this story Fénelon described the kind of government which he wished to see established in France. The prince carefully studied the story. "I want to be a good king," he said. "I want to help my people rather than oppress them."

The king was greatly pleased with the improvement which the prince had made. "Fénelon has done well," he thought. "I must reward him. I will make him Archbishop of Cambrai. That position will give him a good salary, and he can let someone else do the work while he stays here in Paris."

But Fénelon would not agree to this plan. "If I take the position, I must do the work," he said.

"At least," the king said, "you can stay in Paris part of the year. When you are not here you can write letters to us and tell us just how you want the young prince and his brothers to be educated."

Fénelon, very happy to think that the king wanted him to continue to teach Louis, agreed to this arrangement, and went to Cambrai.

Scarcely had he begun his new work, however, when troubles arose. He had been so successful in teaching the young prince that all over Paris people were talking about him and praising him. When any person is praised by so many people, someone is almost sure to be jealous, and so it happened in Fénelon's case.

A man named Bossuet had been, years before, the teacher of Prince Louis' father, who was called the Dauphin. The Dauphin, who was the son of

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King Louis, had turned out to be very stupid and unattractive, without either the character or the education of the Duke of Burgundy.

"Fénelon is evidently a much better teacher than Bossuet," people said.

Bossuet, who was considerably older than Fénelon, had at one time been quite friendly with him. But now he did a great wrong to his old friend. It seems strange that anyone could have believed evil about so good a man as Fénelon, but Bossuet made the king believe that Fénelon was very wicked.

"I will never let Fénelon come to Paris again," the king said. "I will not allow the Duke of Burgundy ever to see him any more."

Fénelon, of course, tried to defend himself. Things seemed to be brightening up for him, when something very unfortunate happened, which made the king more angry than ever.

Some of Fénelon's friends had heard about his story, "The Adventures of Telemachus."

"Please let us read it," they said.

"These people are all in the court; they know about these things as well as I do," Fénelon thought. "It will do no harm to let them read the book."

As he had only one copy, written out in long hand, he hired a man to make another copy for his friends. Fénelon had always been so wise and careful, and so considerate of the feelings of other people, that it is hard to understand why he should have taken such a risk. He had reason to regret it, for the man made two copies of the book, and sold the extra copy to a publisher.

"This book will sell well," the publisher said. "Everyone wants to know what is going on at court,

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and here is the story of what all the great and fine people are doing, only under different names."

He went to work at once to put it in type. But in some way Fénelon learned what had been done and asked the police to keep the book from being published. They found the place, broke up the type, and burned the proofs.

"That is the end of that book," they said.

But they had forgotten about the manuscript. The publisher kept that, and since he did not dare to print it himself he sold it to a man in Holland, who published it and offered it for sale. In a short time the king and his friends were horrified to find out that all over Europe people were reading a book which was supposed to tell about the lives of everyone at the French court.

The king was mortified and angry. "Fénelon has done this to get even with me," he said. "I was friendly with him and told him things which I would not have mentioned to anyone else; and he has written these things in a book for everyone to read, and all the world is laughing at me. I shall see that he is punished severely for what he has done."

All his friendliness for Fénelon vanished; he could only think of how he had been betrayed.

Home Work:

1. Learn Luke 16. 10a and 12.
2. Look up answers to these questions: What plan of government have the French people at present? What other countries have this same general form of government? Do people have the same ideas about government that they had in Fénelon's time?

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Discussion:

1. Edith heard Alberta make a slighting remark about Doris. Edith repeated the remark to Doris, saying, "You ought to know what Alberta is saying about you." What do you think of this?

2. Randall was class treasurer. After a meeting of the class he stopped to play ball. He threw his coat on the ground with those of the other boys. When he put his coat on again the money paid for class dues, which had been in his pocket, was gone. Randall thinks that because he did not steal the money, but simply lost it, he ought not to have to pay it back. His father says, "Carelessness is as bad as dishonesty." What do you think?

CHAPTER VII

THE GOOD BISHOP

It was no use for Fénelon to try to explain. The king refused to have anything to do with him, and forbade Prince Louis to visit him. Fénelon was kept practically a prisoner in his diocese. But he did not spend much time in pitying himself.

"I have plenty to do, to take up my attention," he said.

He went about the country on foot, visiting the peasants in their homes. They had thought, before they knew him, that they would not like this fine gentleman from Paris; but he was so sympathetic and helpful that in a short time they were telling him all their troubles.

"I endeavor, as much as I can," he wrote to a friend, "to put myself in the way of being useful."

The War of the Spanish Succession was being fought at that time, and armies were marching back and forth across the country. Fénelon was greatly distressed by the war. He believed that it was wrong to fight, and that differences between nations should be settled peaceably. He did all that he could, by writing and by speaking, to impress upon people the fact that war is wrong and foolish.

Fénelon could not stop the fighting, but he did all that he could to relieve the people who were suffering. He spent much of his time in the military hospital, and with his own money bought food and clothing for the sick and wounded men. He had

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many of them cared for in his own home. The terrified peasants came hurrying to him for protection, bringing their sheep and cows with them. He made them all welcome, although his beautiful grounds soon looked more like a barnyard than the gardens of a palace.

He was very hospitable and always had a great many people visiting him. If a poor priest from the country came to see him, Fénelon treated him with just as much respect as if he had been a bishop. Fénelon provided good food for his guests but ate very little himself. He could never forget the poor who might be hungry.

He had many important matters to take care of, so that he was constantly busy, but he could always find time to do a kindness. One day as he and a companion were walking along a country road, they met a peasant who seemed to be in great distress. They stopped to ask him what was the matter.

"Alas," said the man, "I have lost my cow. I think the soldiers must have driven her away. She was my only possession; my family will starve without her."

Fénelon listened sympathetically. "What does your cow look like?" he asked.

The man described the missing animal, repeating over and over how beautiful and gentle she was, and how far he had come to look for her. Fénelon thought it was very unlikely that the owner would ever see the cow again, as the soldiers often took the peasants' belongings without paying for them.

"You must buy another cow," he said, giving the man money.

The man thanked him, but still grieved. "I

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shall never again find such a good cow as she was," he said. "I have had her ever since she was a calf; she was almost like one of my family."

Fénelon felt very sorry. Perhaps he remembered the unhappy day when he had to say good-by to the old sorrel pony. He tried to comfort the man, but it was no use. So he and his friend went on with their walk. After they had gone some distance they saw a cow wandering along the path ahead of them.

Fénelon looked at the animal carefully. "Here is that poor fellow's cow!" he cried, delightedly. "See, it exactly answers his description! How happy he will be to get it back!"

"How is he going to get it back?" asked the friend. "He has gone home by this time."

"We will take it to him."

"But the sun is already going down, and the man lives a long distance away," the friend objected. "You are very tired; you will make yourself ill if you undertake such a task. Besides, you have given him money to buy another cow."

"But this is his pet cow," Fénelon answered. "No other cow would seem as valuable as this one. These poor peasants have such hard lives; I must not miss an opportunity to give one of them a little happiness."

As for the peasant, he had gone home sadly enough, not much comforted even by the Archbishop's gift of money. He finished his heavy labor and lay down wearily to sleep. Late at night he was awakened by voices outside his hut. He stumbled out sleepily, and was astonished and overjoyed to find the Archbishop driving his wandering cow up to the door.

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"Like the Good Shepherd and the lost sheep," he said.

Fénelon was never allowed to return to Paris, but twice Prince Louis managed to have a visit with him while passing through the north of France. Both times the meeting had to be in public. The king would not allow the prince to speak to Fénelon unless other people were near. But the prince found time to say to him, "I know what I owe to you, and you know what I am to you."

He wrote often to Fénelon. "Please give me your advice and pray for me," he wrote in one letter. "I pray for you every day."

"If you ever come to the throne," Fénelon wrote to him, "you should wish to be the father of your people, not their master. You must remember that all were not made for one, but the one was made to work for the happiness of all the others."

But Fénelon's hopes of a good and wise king for France were not to be realized. In 1712 the young prince who, on the death of his father, had become the direct heir to the throne, died suddenly of a mysterious disease.

Fénelon did not complain; he scarcely spoke to anyone about what seemed to be the failure of all his hopes. We know, now, that Fénelon really did not fail. His ideas of just and fair government had a great influence on the French people, and helped them to work out a better system for themselves, not through a king but by their own efforts. So that, after all, Fénelon really helped to bring happier times for the poor and oppressed of his country; although this came about in a way different from what he had planned.

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But he did not live to see these happier times. Two years after the death of the prince, he was accidentally thrown from his carriage and died a few days later.

When his affairs had been settled up, it was found that all his money had been spent in charity; he left nothing except the memory of his kindness and his good works.

Even to-day Fénelon is remembered as "The Good Bishop."

Home Work:

1. Learn these verses: "Freely ye received, freely give" (Matthew 10. 8b). "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth" (Luke 12. 15b).

2. Make a list of the ten persons who you think have been the most useful either in ancient times or in modern times. Write opposite each name the reason why you put that name on the list.

Discussion:

1. For many years John Wesley earned many thousands of dollars each year. He spent most of this money providing employment for people who were out of work, buying food and clothing for the poor, and providing medicine and care for sick people. When he died he had nothing left. Do you think that was a wise way to use money? Would it have been better if he had saved his money and left it in his will to charity?

2. Can a person live in a fine house, with servants to wait upon him, and still be a follower of Jesus?

3. The clerk at the grocery often makes mistakes in adding up the bill, or in making change. Charles does not correct him, because he does not want to be considered a "piker." What do you think about this?

CHAPTER VIII

A DEFEATED CONQUEROR

PART I

ALONG a shady path, their arms around each other's shoulders, strolled Alexander and his friend Clitus. The school-master, Aristotle, seated in his big stone chair under the trees, watched the two boys thoughtfully.

Alexander was the son of King Philip of Macedonia. He was a tall, handsome boy, with wavy golden hair as rough as a lion's mane, and deep-set blue eyes shaded by heavy brows. Several of the pupils in Aristotle's school were the sons of kings, but not one of the other boys had so royal an air and manner as the young Alexander.

Alexander was talking to Clitus about these other princes.

"The master asked us, 'How will you treat me when you are king?' One boy answered, 'You shall sit at my table and I will make everyone do honor to you.' Another said, 'You shall be the treasurer of my kingdom and I will follow your advice in every way.' The master spoke to me. 'Why do you not answer, Alexander? What will you do for me when you are king?' 'How can I answer such a question?' I replied. 'Who knows what the future will bring? If I ever become king, then I shall be able to answer you.' "

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"Was he angry, Alexander?" asked Clitus.

"No," said the young prince; "he said I had made the wisest answer of all, and some day I should be the greatest king."

"And so you will," said Clitus, warmly. "Not one of the other boys can equal you in the games, or can run as fast or ride as well as you. You will conquer the whole world."

"I shall if I have a chance," Alexander replied. "My father wins many victories; perhaps by the time I become king he will have conquered the whole world and there will be nothing left for me to do. But if I ever win glory as a conqueror, all my friends shall share in it. In the eastern lands there are rich treasures of gold and jewels. The soldiers there are skillful with the bow and arrow, but they are not so hardy and brave as our Macedonian troops. We can conquer them, Clitus. You shall be one of my generals. As for the master, I will give him much gold, so that he can gather up all the knowledge in the world. He would rather do that than anything else."

"What will you do when you have conquered all those countries?"

"We can teach those barbarians many things," the prince replied. His blue eyes were shining; his cheeks were flushed. "They know nothing of the great deeds that have been done by our Greek heroes; they have never seen our beautiful buildings and statues. They have never studied the words of our philosophers. And there is the *Iliad*, that book of the old blind poet, Homer. I wish it could be read all over the world. I never get tired of reading it. I read it at night as long as I can see;

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then I put it under my pillow so that I can read it again as soon as morning comes."

"I must study hard," said Clitus, "so that I shall be ready to help you."

"The master says that we must all prepare for the future," observed Alexander. "He is a wise man; my father says he is the wisest man in the world. He tells us that we must constantly practice living in the best way if we wish to make a success of living. It is the same as if one were building a temple, or learning to play on the harp. One must practice playing in the right way or one will become a poor harpist. By building well, men become good builders; by building badly, poor ones."

For several years it seemed as if Alexander might really succeed in his ambition to conquer the world. When he was only sixteen he ruled the kingdom in the absence of his father, King Philip, and successfully commanded an army. When he was twenty his father died, and Alexander soon placed himself at the head of the nation.

All this while he tried to live as he had been taught to live. He kept himself in good health by plain fare and plenty of exercise, and he made a real effort to respect the rights of the persons who were associated with him. He even tried to be fair to the people whom he conquered, though they probably thought he was anything but fair when his soldiers robbed them and burned their houses, or crippled them and killed their friends and relatives in battle.

But in his day war was supposed to be the proper occupation for a king, and year after year Alexander

A DEFEATED CONQUEROR, PART I

went on fighting, going from one land to another. He sent wonderful gifts of gold and rich fabrics and jewels to his mother and his friends. He made all his officers rich. He remembered his teacher, Aristotle, also. Aristotle was then engaged in a great enterprise. He was trying to put into books all the knowledge there was in the world. No one else had ever attempted to do anything like that. It was a great undertaking—as great as Alexander's own undertakings—and Alexander was much interested in it. He sent Aristotle millions of dollars to buy books and pay the expenses of travel and wages for his helpers. He set a thousand men at work under the orders of Aristotle, watching birds and animals and insects and fishes, and reporting on the habits of all these living creatures.

Alexander also built cities. He himself made the plans for laying out the cities, and he showed great engineering skill in making these plans. And everywhere he went he carried the Greek civilization and learning.

After making war for several years he found himself conqueror of almost the entire empire of Persia—a territory twenty-five or thirty times as large as the kingdom he had inherited. This conquest made Alexander both very powerful and very rich.

People who wanted favors flattered him.

"You have done greater deeds than the god Hercules," they said to him. "You cannot be a mere human being, like other men."

"That is very true," Alexander thought. "I am much superior to other people. There has never been any other person as wonderful as I am."

He was no longer content with the plain fare and

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simple clothing which he had been used to. He arrayed himself in rich and gorgeous garments and spent much of his time feasting. He ordered that the people who came into his presence should bow to the earth, as if he were a god. His friends were no longer allowed to speak to him in the familiar way to which they had been accustomed. He gave Clitus a high position in the army, as he had promised to do, but he treated Clitus and all the other officers like inferiors. This treatment was very humiliating to Clitus, who had once saved Alexander's life in battle and felt that he deserved special attention.

Little by little Alexander's most loyal friends became estranged from him.

"He could not have won his victories without us, but still he takes all the praise for them," they said. "He does not give us credit for having done anything."

Throughout the entire camp there arose jealousy and unhappiness.

Home Work:

1. Look up what Jesus said about making war: Matthew 5. 38, 39, 43-45.

2. Read in the book *King Alfred*, in the series, "Heroes Every Child Should Know," how another king, who loved books as well as Alexander did, found a better way of spreading education than by going to war.

3. Look up what Jesus said about being boastful: Luke 14. 7-11.

Discussion:

1. Margaret is poor and has very few good times. She likes to tell stories about visiting a rich aunt, who, she says, has wonderful jewelry which Margaret will inherit

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when her aunt dies. The other girls know that Margaret's aunt works in a store and has very little money.

What shall the other girls do when Margaret tells these stories? Do you think they should associate at all with a girl who is so untruthful? Can they help Margaret in any way?

2. Harrison went to camp last summer. He wanted to make all the plans and run everything his own way, although he could not swim or hike or play ball as well as the other boys. He was constantly telling the boys how important he was. "I am going to own the biggest factory in the state when I grow up," he said. He bragged about his family. "My grandfather was an ambassador. My Uncle Henry played polo with a prince."

Harrison honestly wants to be popular. He is really hurt when the boys laugh at him and burlesque his fine speeches. Can anything be done for Harrison? Who can do it? How?

CHAPTER IX

A DEFEATED CONQUEROR

PART II

ALTHOUGH Alexander had gained such a great empire he was not yet satisfied. Many parts of Persia were not subdued, and there were other lands on the east and south which he desired to see and to bring under his control.

But Alexander could not now depend upon his army as he had done before. He had offended many of his soldiers and officers by his boasting and his claims of being more than human. There were plots against him, which he put down by punishing those who appeared to be guilty and also some who really seemed to be innocent. One loyal old friend, past seventy, was put to death because he was related to a person whom Alexander suspected.

All these happenings made the army still more discontented. Clitus, especially, was out of sorts because Alexander was so haughty to his old friends. One evening at a banquet he began to reproach the king for neglecting and slighting his former companions.

"You think more of the Persians than of your Macedonian soldiers," he said, "and yet your battles have been won by those of us who came with you from Macedonia."

"Don't talk that way," Alexander responded, in annoyance. "Such talk does no good. It only makes trouble."

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If Clitus had been wise he would have said no more. But (both he and Alexander had been drinking) again he made his complaint about being ill-treated.

"Why do you invite free men to dine with you, if you won't let them tell you what they are thinking about?" he asked. "You would better spend all your time with your slavish Persians, who are willing to pretend that you are a god, and who will worship you and say just what you want them to say."

These words made Alexander very angry. Some of the guests hurried Clitus out of the way, fearing that Alexander would harm him. But Clitus, like Alexander, was now so angry that he did not know what he was doing. He rushed back into the banquet room, shouting taunts and reproaches at the king. Alexander, in a rage, caught up a spear and threw it at him. The aim was fatally true. Clitus sank to the floor, wounded to death.

In a moment Alexander's anger turned to remorse.

"O Clitus, Clitus!" he cried in terror. "Oh, what have I done?"

He drew the spear from Clitus' body and would have killed himself with it, but his friends held him. His grief was so terrible that the soldiers feared that he might lose his mind. For many days he stayed in his room, weeping and lamenting.

Throughout the camp there spread consternation and horror.

"So this is the great Alexander who wants to rule the world!" the soldiers said. "How can he rule the world? He cannot even rule his own temper!"

For three years longer Alexander continued his campaign. But there were mutinies in the army

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which gave him trouble; his soldiers had seen his weakness and no longer respected him as they had once done. He made his way into India with his army, but at last the soldiers flatly refused to go any farther. They would not listen to him or obey his commands. In order to keep the army together, this world-conqueror had to admit himself beaten by his own soldiers, and turn back, as they wished him to do.

There were other unhappy experiences. The friendship between Alexander and his old teacher, Aristotle, was broken. While Alexander was lavish in his liberality toward his old soldiers and his closest friends he became increasingly cruel and unjust toward people who did not interest him personally.

In his thirty-third year, as he was about to start out on a new campaign of conquest, he died after a short illness. He had been eating and drinking intemperately, and thus probably hastened his death.

No one was left to carry on his plans. His officers quarreled among themselves over who should take the throne; there were years of civil war among the Macedonians, and before any order was restored Alexander's great empire vanished from the earth.

Home Work:

1. Look up and learn Matthew 16. 24-26.
2. Find out all that you can about the League of Nations. You will find many references to the League in the department of *Saint Nicholas* called "The Watch Tower," under the heading "The International World."
3. Be prepared to tell the story about "The Christ of the Andes."

A DEFEATED CONQUEROR, PART II

Discussion:

1. Some people believe that a verse in the Bible refers to Alexander. It is this:

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
And he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city" (Proverbs 16. 32).

What were the enemies that conquered Alexander?

2. Edna was sitting on the porch, studying. A group of children in the next yard were making a great deal of noise, which disturbed Edna. What should she do?

3. James borrowed Allen's bicycle, and ran into a truck and smashed the front wheel. James promised Allen he would pay for the repairs, but he keeps making excuses when Allen asks for the money. What shall Allen do?

CHAPTER X

THE TWO BROTHERS

ONCE upon a time two brothers lived together in a cottage at the foot of a mountain. They were very happy until one year a famine came and they had nothing to eat.

"Let us go away from here," the older brother said. "I have heard that there are good fields for raising grain on the other side of the mountain. Let us climb over the mountain and make a new home in those fields."

"You may climb the mountain, if you wish," the younger brother replied. "I am going toward the sea. The people who live by the ocean never need to fear famine because they can always get fish to eat, even if the crops fail."

So the two brothers parted, each promising to let the other know when he had made a home where they could be together. The older brother crossed the mountain and found a place where there were wide grain fields. "I shall need a warm stone house," he said, "because the winters here are long and cold. And I shall need barns for storing my grain, and horses to help me plow my fields, and cows to feed on the grain and supply my family with milk and butter and meat, and with leather to make boots. And I must raise sheep and spin the wool into warm winter clothing. When I have made a comfortable home, I shall bring my brother here to live with me."

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So he worked hard until at last he had grain fields and a warm house and cows and horses and sheep. But he was always too busy to go to find his brother.

When he was getting old he said to his children, "Some day you must cross the mountain and go to the seashore and find my brother."

But they were busy with the fields and the cows and horses and sheep, and they did not go, and at last the older brother died.

Meanwhile the younger brother had gone to the seashore. He built a boat and went fishing. One day his boat was carried out to sea, and he landed in another country. The people there had finer clothes than he had ever seen. He traded his fish for some of the fine clothes and took them home.

As the years went on his children built boats and went fishing, and some of them sailed to other countries and traded with the people. Then his grandchildren too grew up, and went trading. They brought home beautiful things from other lands. They wore fine clothes and built tall houses.

The younger brother now was an old man.

"I should like to go over the mountain," he said, "and find my brother, and bring him here to live with me."

But he was very busy and never had time to go, and at last he died without finding his brother.

After years had passed there were so many grandchildren and great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren of this brother living by the sea that they needed more room.

"Let us build our houses on the mountain," they said.

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They began to build their houses on the mountain. Then they found that the people on the other side had also been building houses on the mountain.

The people on the seaside were angry, "The mountain belongs to us," they said.

"It belongs to us," said the people from the grain fields. There was room for all the houses, but no one thought of that.

The people from the seaside went at night and burned up the houses of the people from the grain fields and trampled their crops. Then the people from the grain fields threw down the houses and burned up the ships of the people from the seaside.

Some of the people were killed in battle, many died of illnesses, and some starved to death. Everyone was very miserable.

The people from the grain fields told their children: "Those people from the seashore are your enemies."

The people from the seashore told their children: "Those people from the grain fields are barbarous. They are your enemies."

So, for hundreds of years they have been hating each other, and fighting whenever they had an excuse, and keeping one another poor and wretched.

And up to now no one has remembered the two brothers who lived together so happily.—From *The Elementary Magazine*, by permission.

Home Work:

1. Look up and learn Matthew 5. 9.
2. What is the object of the Pact of Paris (often called the Kellogg Pact)?

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3. Read Lincoln's Gettysburg address. What does it mean?

Discussion:

Do you agree with Fénelon's ideas about war? (See Chapter VII.) Is there anything that boys and girls can do to help to abolish war?

CHAPTER XI

JOAN'S SECRET

ONE evening more than five hundred years ago, a homeless family stopped at a peasant's cottage in the village of Domremy, in France, and asked for shelter for the night.

The peasant's wife, Isabeau, regretfully shook her head. "We have not room for so many," she said.

As the strangers turned away the peasant's little daughter, Jeannette, looked after them pityingly.

"Where will they go, *maman*?"

"I do not know, *ma petite*. They have no home."

"If I let them have my bed, we could make room for them," said the child. "May I call them back, *maman*?"

"But where will you sleep, Jeannette?" asked Isabeau.

"It does not matter about me," the child answered. "I could not sleep, even in my bed, if I thought that those poor people were out, unprotected, in the night. Please may I call them back?"

So that night the wanderers slept in comfortable beds under the roof of Jacques D'Arc; while the young daughter of the house took her rest curled up like a kitten upon the hearth.

When years afterward Joan of Arc was on trial for her life, this story was remembered, and told of

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her, by her friends and neighbors. They had many other stories to tell—how Joan had cared for them in sickness, how she had shared her food with the needy. "I too experienced her goodness," said one after another.

The lords and ladies who saw Joan of Arc were astonished by her quiet and self-possessed manner, and people who read her story to-day are equally astonished. How could this young peasant girl enter with confidence the presence of kings and nobles, and speak and act as naturally as if she were talking with her neighbors in Domremy? Even during her long and terrible trial, when she was exhausted by illness and ill treatment, and threatened with torture and death, she was so wise and so self-controlled that through all the hundreds of years that have passed people have never ceased to wonder at her wisdom and courage.

What was the secret of Joan of Arc's greatness?

Jesus answered this question for us in these words: "Seek ye first [that is, most of all] the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

To seek first the kingdom of God means to have little concern about whether we are going to be praised or criticized for what we do, but, rather, to think most about how we can best do our work, and how we can help to make the world a better place for everyone. All her life, in little everyday matters as well as in big things, Joan of Arc thought of others rather than of herself, so she had no time to worry over what other people might be thinking about her.

It has been said that being bashful is one way of being selfish. What do you think about this?

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Home Work:

1. Learn Matthew 6. 25-34.
2. You can find in the book, *The Girl in White Armor*, by Albert Bigelow Paine (Macmillan), an account of the life of Joan of Arc.

Discussion:

1. If you know some person who is bashful, what can you do to help him?
2. Which boy is more likely to succeed, one who is so bashful that he is afraid to talk or to take his own part, or one who is so sure of himself that he talks when no one wants to listen, and pushes himself into situations where he is not wanted? Give reasons for your answer.

CHAPTER XII

A BLACK GENTLEMAN

ON a stormy Monday in November, 1928, the ship *Vestris* sank in the Atlantic Ocean.

When the ship went down, a young colored man named Lionel Licorice was one of the last to leave. He was the quartermaster; his duties were to look after the compass, attend to the steering, and in general to aid his superior officer, the navigator. He was not an important person; his job did not carry any authority, nor much responsibility beyond doing as he was told. Probably no one considered this colored man capable of doing more than obeying the orders that were given him by the white officers.

Lionel, it must be said, had always obeyed orders promptly and cheerfully. During those final dreadful hours before the ship disappeared beneath the waves, Lionel was busy carrying messages and obeying his white officers, as usual.

The last time he came on deck he found a scene of terrible confusion. The ship was very evidently sinking, and already several life boats had been filled with passengers and launched. But most of these, with their loads of women and children, had been dashed to pieces against the side of the ship. The people still on the ship were panic-stricken. There were other boats to be put over the side, but no one seemed to know what to do.

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Lionel looked about for the officer, but there appeared to be no one in charge. Then he forgot that he was only a quartermaster. He did not stop to think that he might be punished for overstepping his authority. He only saw that someone was needed to act at once. So he took the place of the white officer and began to give orders.

The sailors and passengers were calmed by his quiet and competent manner. They filled the remaining boats in an orderly fashion, and one by one the boats were let down.

Then, suddenly, the ship sank. Lionel did not have a very clear idea of what was happening to him, but presently he found himself, badly battered and with two bruised ribs, in a boat without oars. There was another man in the boat, a colored man from the stoke hole. This man, like Lionel, had stayed at his task until there was no more hope of saving the ship. Now he lay unconscious under one of the thwarts.

A boat without oars, in those violent waves, was not much better than no boat at all. Lionel looked about, then dived into the sea. Presently he was back in the boat with a pair of oars.

In a few minutes the other man was able to sit up. They were now in a favorable situation compared with the other people from the ship. With only two men in the boat, and both able to row, the prospects were that they could easily outride the waves until some other ship came to the rescue.

But Lionel saw a dreadful sight in the water around him. People were struggling with the waves; some were sinking. It was not easy to swim in that high sea. Then, too, Lionel knew very well that

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in that locality the ocean was infested with sharks.

The people who were drowning were not Lionel's friends. They were mostly people who had either looked down on Lionel or had not paid any attention to him. Now was Lionel's chance to "get even" with them for the way they had treated him. But he did not hesitate a moment. Into the hands of the stoker he put the oars; and again he dived into the water. Presently he reappeared, supporting a half-drowned passenger, who was lifted safely into the boat. Out again went Lionel, and again and again and again, each time bringing back a human being who, without his help, would have been drowned.

For hours he swam around in the turbulent waves. He reported later that he saved thirteen lives, but the passengers put the number at twenty.

When the rescuing ship, the *American Shipper*, brought Lionel to New York the papers published admiring accounts of what he had done. They called him a hero, and spoke of his "heart of gold." In London, before the Shipping Board, he was called "this black gentleman."

But Lionel only smiled. Perhaps he knew that courage does not depend on a fine position or a handsome uniform or the color of one's skin. Courage depends upon what is within us, and Lionel, the black boy from the Barbados, behaved like a hero because he had a hero's heart.

Home Work:

Be prepared to tell something about the lives of Clara Barton, Florence Nightingale, Jacob Riis, John Greenleaf Whittier. These were all sensitive people, who

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turned their attention to making life happier for other people.

Discussion:

1. Gilbert's parents were dead and he lived with an elder sister. So many people had pitied Gilbert because he was an orphan that he had the idea that he ought to be treated differently from other boys. If he felt like it, he would be very nice and helpful about the house; but if he didn't feel like helping, he wouldn't do anything. He always had his feelings hurt if his sister and brother-in-law went anywhere without asking him to go, or if they did not promptly get him anything that he wanted. When he asked his sister for a bookcase for his room, she suggested that he make some book-shelves in the manual-training class. Gilbert answered, "You don't try to make things pleasant for me." What would you do if you were Gilbert's sister?

2. Lucile's aunt remembered a lot of silly things that Lucile had said when she was a little girl and teased her about them. The aunt liked to tell these stories to her friends when Lucile was near, and sometimes she told them to Lucile's friends. Sometimes Lucile felt as if everybody in town was laughing at her. The aunt had money and was generous to Lucile's family. What should Lucile do?

3. Is it ever fair to tease? Does teasing help boys and girls to overcome their faults? Under what conditions do you think teasing may be fair? Unfair? Can you think of any time when teasing helped you to improve your habits?

4. Old "Hosey" was feeble-minded and very near-sighted. He made a living by peddling small articles from door to door. When he would set his basket down the boys would play a joke on him. While some of them talked to him the others would hide his basket. After "Hosey" had looked all around the neighborhood for his

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basket the boys would pretend to "find" it for him, in just the place where he had left it. What do you think about this?

5. Can one have the sort of feelings that are easily hurt, and at the same time be unselfish?

6. Lionel Licorice was a hero because he was more concerned about the suffering of other people than about his own feelings. Clara Barton, the founder of the American Red Cross, was, as a child, shy and sensitive. But she was sensitive in the right way; she wanted to help everyone who was in distress. Abraham Lincoln was another person whose sensitiveness did not make him selfish, but, rather, enabled him to understand how other people felt, and helped him to be kind and just.

Jesus gave a good rule for "sensitive" people, who get their feelings hurt easily. He said, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you" (Luke 6. 27, 28). This is an equally good rule whether people are really unkind to us or whether we only imagine that they are.

CHAPTER XIII

A CURIOUS SAYING

"SOME of the things in the New Testament don't seem to make good sense," Harry said. "Take this verse, 'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.' Everybody knows that isn't true. You have to fight for your rights or you'll never accomplish anything."

"That depends on what you mean by accomplishing anything," said his father. "I am thinking of a Person who lived several hundred years ago. He did not fight for his rights; he did not even think about them at all. His only desire was to give to the world certain ideas. He was poor and lived among poor people, and was finally put to death unjustly. Few people, at the time of his death, understood what he was trying to do. But to-day he is considered by millions of men and women to be the highest authority in his line. Would you think that he accomplished anything?"

"Yes, of course," Harry agreed. "Who was it, father? What were his ideas about?"

"Many of his ideas were about the best way to make a success of living. He carried out his ideas in his own life. One of his ideas is expressed in this verse which you have just read."

"Do you mean Jesus?" Harry asked. "But he was different from ordinary people."

"Suppose we take some of our American men," said his father. "If Wilbur and Orville Wright had

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stopped to argue or had tried to get even with the people who made fun of their efforts to build a flying machine, do you think they would have accomplished more? Or suppose they had allowed themselves to think, 'People are laughing at us,' and had become unhappy about it—would that have helped them? They took the jeers and the ridicule meekly; and even after they had become successful, they ignored the harsh things that had been said about them."

"I see what you mean," said Harry. "I thought that being meek meant that you just let people run over you. But it really means being strong and self-controlled enough to do difficult things and to carry heavy burdens without complaining and without getting discouraged."

"That is partly what it means," his father answered.

Home Work:

1. Learn this verse: "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Find it in the Bible.
2. Prepare a short talk on the life of Orville Wright; or Cyrus Field; or Samuel F. B. Morse.

Discussion:

Scott is an extra-good pitcher, bats well, and can run fast. But he has such a good opinion of himself that he is always quarreling with the other players, or getting into trouble with the umpire.

Raymond pitches fairly well. He is not quite so fast as Scott. But he gets along well with everyone.

Which boy would you choose for the first team in your school?

What is the best way to handle Scott?

CHAPTER XIV

NEW FRIENDS FOR OLD

CORINNE stopped, tray in hand, and looked around the school cafeteria for Elinor.

Oh, there she was! Corinne, balancing her tray carefully, made her way among the crowded tables, and slipped into a place beside her friend.

"I stayed to talk to Miss Van Heusen about my drawing," she explained. "I thought you'd wait for me."

"I wanted to eat with Dixie to-day," Elinor answered, and went on talking to the girl on the other side of her.

Presently Elinor and Dixie picked up their trays of empty dishes and started away. "Good-by, Corinne! See you some time!" Elinor said.

Corinne, left alone, stared in bewilderment. She and Elinor had been best friends for years. They went to school together, and walked home together. They were in the same class in church school. Their birthdays were in the same month, May, and twice they had had birthday parties together. Once when Elinor's mother was sick, Elinor stayed nearly a month at Corinne's house.

Corinne finished her lunch and carried back her tray. "Where's your partner?" Helen Jacobs asked her. "She went with Dixie," Corinne answered, her eyebrows drawn together.

During the afternoon study period Elinor and

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Dixie sat together. Corinne spent part of the time making a poster for the bulletin board, and did not come into the home room until the hour was half over. As usual, she looked around for Elinor. Dixie saw her and said something to Elinor, and both girls took pains not to notice Corinne.

Corinne put her work on the desk, but it was hard to study. She was wondering what she had done to make Elinor act as she did. After school Elinor and Dixie walked home together. They looked back and saw Corinne, and, instead of waiting for her, walked faster. Corinne walked slowly; she did not want to catch up with them.

"What is the trouble with you and Elinor?" her mother asked a few days later.

"Elinor won't speak to me," Corinne answered, choking. "She is with Dixie all the time. They say mean things to me if I try to talk to them."

"Are you sure you haven't done anything to hurt Elinor's feelings?" Corinne's mother asked.

"I'm sure, mother, that I really haven't," Corinne replied.

"Then the best thing to do is to make new friends," her mother answered. "You and Elinor have been together too much anyway. Winifred Dorsey is a nice girl; and who is that girl in the green coat who goes by here every morning? She looks lonesome; I think she would be glad to have a friend. And Dana Jones is worth getting acquainted with, I'm sure. Why don't you invite those girls to come to see you Saturday afternoon?"

"Oh, mother," Corinne answered, petulantly. "I don't want to go with those girls! Winifred is so slow in school; the kids all laugh at her; and that

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girl in the green coat is Elizabeth Darrow; she works for a family, and has to take care of the children. Her clothes are so funny! And Dana Jones is so homely! I don't want to have to go with those girls!"

"Ah," said her mother, "you like to be friends with Elinor because she is pretty, and wears good-looking clothes. I suppose you would be willing to give her up if you met a girl who was prettier and more popular than she is."

"Why, mother," Corinne said, with tears in her eyes, "I can never be happy without Elinor!" But she couldn't help wondering if perhaps her mother was right.

The next afternoon she came home laughing.

"Mother," she said, "Elizabeth says she has to take care of Mrs. Lowell's twins on Saturday afternoon, so I told her to bring them over here, and they can play with Bobby, and Dana is going to bring her little sister. Is that all right, mother?"

Mrs. Wardle looked disconcerted for a minute; then she too smiled. "That will be quite a party," she said.

It turned out to be a very happy party. Winifred brought some lovely handwork, and showed the girls how to do it; and Dana told such funny stories that they laughed all the afternoon.

"Those girls are lots nicer than I thought they were," Corinne said at supper time. "I guess it's a good idea to make new friends once in a while."

Home Work:

Read Luke 14. 16-24. What do you think Jesus meant when he told this story?

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Discussion:

1. Bradley, who was poor, was often left out of the good times the other boys and girls had. "I'll get rich some day," Bradley thought, "and then I'll be able to snub all of them."

Can you think of a better way for Bradley to meet this situation?

2. Ralph's father lost a good bit of money in a deal with Edward's father. Ralph persuaded the other boys to put Edward off the ball team.

How should Edward meet this situation?

Can you think of a better way for Ralph to show his loyalty to his father?

3. Graham and Charles were special friends. Charles wanted Graham to help a new boy, named Vencel, to get acquainted. Vencel was a nice boy, and did his school work well, but Graham's mother had told Graham not to have anything to do with the boys who lived across the tracks, where Vencel lived. What should Charles do? What should Graham do?

Vencel found out that Graham and Charles had broken up because Charles was friendly with Vencel. What should Vencel do?

CHAPTER XV

THE BOY FROM THE WILDERNESS

I. THE SLAVE TRAIN

ALONG a wilderness trail, which was old and well worn before history began, a caravan slowly made its way southeastward toward the rich and powerful land of Egypt.

A hot sun beat down upon the dragging train of camels, and a cloud of dust rose from the heat-baked trail. The owners rode, in what comfort was possible, on the backs of the swaying beasts, protected by canopies from the direct rays of the sun. They dozed and grumbled, alternately. Traveling on such a day was difficult. Even the thought of the money they would make from this venture scarcely helped the traders to bear their discomfort.

But if they found the day unpleasant, what of the wretched human beings who followed the camels on foot? Laden with heavy burdens, driven and threatened by the overseers, a company of men and women and children were being taken to the city to be sold as slaves.

For the most part, they were too weary and disheartened even to raise their heads or look about them. There was nothing to be seen but the monotonous, desertlike stretch of country through which they had been traveling for days. They were without interest and without hope.

Among them, however, was a boy who walked with

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a fresher step than the rest. His head was erect; he carried himself with an air of self-respect. His deep-set, dark eyes looked straight before him; there was an expression of intense grief in his face, and with it a look of deep perplexity. He appeared as unconscious of the surroundings as the unhappy company about him, but there was this difference: they were too weary and too hopeless to care what was happening, while he, on the other hand, was completely absorbed in painful but powerfully interesting thoughts.

As the sun dropped lower and the day became more tolerable, the traders began to talk over their possible profits. The rich Egyptian overlords would gladly buy the spices and the sweet-smelling balm and myrrh with which the camels were laden. These attractive wares would sell well—but not so well as the slaves. From the sale of the unfortunate captives the traders expected to make a great deal of money.

"That was a fine bargain we made to-day," said one. "The Hebrew boy will fetch a good price in the slave market. He is as strong as a camel and as swift as a bird."

"Would you sell him for his strength?" asked an older man, whose skin was wrinkled and toughened by the desert heat of many years. "If he is like his father, he will be worth a better price than his strong arms will bring."

"His father?" the younger trader repeated. "Then you know him? Who is his father?"

The old man answered impatiently: "Do you go about the world asleep? Have you never heard of the great chief, Jacob? His flocks and herds are

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without number." An unpleasant memory darkened the old trader's face as he spoke. "I tried to bargain with him once. I am a shrewd man, as you know; but I would not again attempt to match my wits with his."

"But those great, stupid fellows from whom we bought the lad—they are his brothers, or so he called them. They too must be sons of this clever Jacob. Did they inherit none of their father's skill in bargaining? They took the first price that we offered. Twenty pieces of silver, indeed, for such a boy!"

"They closed the deal quickly," the other answered, "because they were not interested in the money. As I think it over, I believe that if I had had my wits about me, I might have had the boy for the asking. What are twenty, or a hundred, pieces of silver to them, with camels and sheep and goats beyond counting? No, it was not money that they wanted. They wanted to get rid of the boy, and in a way that would leave no trace."

The first speaker wrinkled his beaklike nose, and his eyes narrowed. "There seems some truth in what you say," he agreed. "But what was the reason?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "That is no affair of mine. All I know is that we can sell this boy for a good price, and in that way I shall win back part of the money I lost to his father." He laughed harshly.

Home Work:

1. Look up and learn Matthew 7. 12.
2. Be prepared to tell something about the life of one of these persons: Jane Addams, Nathan Straus, Jacob Riis.

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3. Be prepared to describe ways in which we can use the Golden Rule in our dealings with post-office employees, delivery men and boys, street cleaners, and with housekeepers, maids, laundresses, and nurses in our homes.

Discussion:

1. The old trader in the story did not care what happened to Joseph, so long as he himself made money by selling the boy. Was there anything wrong about that plan? Would it have been better if he had put Joseph to work for wages that were so low that Joseph could not live on them?

2. "I have a good mind never to speak to Charlotte again! I haven't any use for her! She has promised every afternoon this week to come and help me make the favors for my party, and every time she makes an excuse and doesn't come!" Ethelyn's brows were drawn together in a dark scowl.

"Poor Charlotte!" Ethelyn's mother said. "But I suppose you will speak to her again if you find another use for her."

Ethelyn looked puzzled. "What do you mean, mother?"

"You have never been very friendly with Charlotte," her mother replied. "I don't remember that you ever invited her to come to see you until, as you suggest, you had a use for her. You made your plan without considering her in any way. Do you think you had a right to her help?"

3. Is it ever fair to allow anyone to do anything for us if we are not willing either to pay for the service or to give an equal service in return?

How does this apply to what our parents do for us? Our teachers? The boys and girls in our class?

4. Judith says to herself, "I'll get Barbara to help me with my English." But as soon as the English lesson is

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prepared, Barbara is dropped for some girl whom Judith really likes. What do you think of this?

5. Every morning Victor's room looks "as if a cyclone had struck it." "Hang up your clothes and put your things away," his mother said to him. "You make so much unnecessary work for Christine."

"That's what she's paid for," Victor answered.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BOY FROM THE WILDERNESS

II. THE TRADERS MAKE A PLAN

DAY after day went by wearily. Joseph, the boy from the desert, found his companions, the other captives, mournful company. Worn and tired as they were from the long journey on foot under the un pitying sun, they could not take any pleasure in the thought that they would soon reach the end of their traveling. They knew that they would be sold as slaves when they arrived in the city; and that, in all probability, some of them would be put to work on one of the great buildings which the king and the nobles were constantly erecting.

For these unfortunate ones there would be endless heavy labor. The overseers would drive them with whips to their work; they would not dare to stop to rest even for a moment. For their few hours of sleep they would lie down on the sand, or, perhaps, creep into a low reed hut, dark and bare. Their food would be scanty and poor.

They pondered over these things as they walked along, and their hearts were too heavy for speech. Joseph had many sad thoughts, but he soon forgot his own troubles in his pity for his unhappy companions. Now and then he found an opportunity to help one of them over a rough stretch of the way, or to do some other kindness.

"I never knew," he said to himself, "that there was such suffering in the world."

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Then his thoughts would go back to the question which had puzzled him. Why did his brothers hate him so terribly? He had never suspected that they had such a bitter feeling toward him. His life had been pleasant. He was his father's favorite; he had the best food and the finest clothes that the wilderness life could afford.

His brothers often went out to tend the flocks for weeks at a time without returning to the tents where the family made their home. But Joseph stayed with his father and his younger brother, and had the easy task of watching the servants, and seeing that his father's orders were obeyed. Sometimes he went to find out what his brothers were doing, and he would come back and report to his father all that they had done even though he knew their deeds would displease him. His father would praise him for telling on the other boys. Joseph, he said, was much more dependable than they were, and much more gifted too.

And Joseph believed him. He scarcely thought of the older boys as being his brothers. He treated them almost the same as he treated the servants; and they did not dare to take any revenge, because they knew he was their father's favorite.

"Oh, how foolish I was!" thought Joseph, as he walked on under the burning sun. "If I could go back, I would try to make friends, instead of enemies, of my brothers."

Then Joseph would think of his father, who, he knew, was grieving for him; and the tears would come into his eyes. Perhaps, he thought, when his father learned that he had been sold as a slave he would send someone after the caravan, and buy

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him back. For several days this hope was in his heart. But one day he found himself in the land of Egypt, and he knew that he could not expect to see his home again.

"The Egyptians have all forgotten me," he said to himself, and wept with homesickness. And then a poor, weary child who was trudging along beside him began to cry also; and Joseph dried his tears and talked cheerfully to the little boy.

"Don't cry," he said. "We are coming to a great city, and you shall see more wonderful sights than you have ever seen in all your life."

"They will beat me, and make me work hard," said the child.

"No, you are only a little boy," Joseph assured him. "You will go with your mother, and work in some pleasant house. Do not be afraid."

The child stopped weeping and smiled, holding Joseph's hand; and the sad hearts of the other captives were lightened by Joseph's kind words.

"Joseph is certainly a valuable boy," one of the traders observed. "If he were sulky and unpleasant we should have to sell him to a slave driver, who would lash him and drive him to work. But he will do his best without being driven to work. We shall be able to sell him to some rich man who is looking for a bright boy to help in his house. Perhaps he will even have a chance to go to school. Some day he may really be glad that he was brought to Egypt."

"Yes," said the wise old man, "he is the sort of boy who will make something of himself, wherever he may be. I shall watch, and see what happens to Joseph."

LIVING TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

Home Work:

1. Look up and learn Matthew 10. 42.
2. Find out what is meant by the term "child labor."
3. Find out what laws your state has that protect children from having to work at jobs that are too heavy for them, and from too long hours of work.

Discussion:

1. Should boys and girls under sixteen do nothing at all but go to school and play? Can boys and girls learn anything by working? Can anything be learned from doing work like washing dishes? Cooking? Selling papers? Selling junk? Mending clothes? Taking care of younger children? Doing errands for the grocer or druggist? Tending a machine in a factory? Making garden? Picking fruit?

2. Nora's cousins, Anne and Laurel, are poor. Their father is a laboring man and is scarcely able to earn enough to support his family. Nora takes good care of her coats and dresses so that they can be passed on to Anne and Laurel in good condition. She always buys presents for the girls at Christmas and on their birthdays from her own allowance. Nora is going to have a birthday party, and wants to invite only the boys and girls in her own crowd at school. Anne and Laurel are a little younger and live in another part of the city. They have very few invitations, and a party would be a great treat for them. But Nora says that as they do not belong to her crowd they would not have a good time at her party, and they would spoil the party for everybody else. What do you think about this? (Look up Luke 14. 12-14.)

CHAPTER XVII

THE BOY FROM THE WILDERNESS

III. JOSEPH REMEMBERS A STORY

As Joseph tried to cheer his companions his own spirits rose.

"It will not do me any good to be sad," he said to himself. "Being unhappy will not take me any nearer to my home, and it will make life just that much harder for these other people, who have troubles enough already. They probably had not harmed anyone, and did not deserve to be taken captive."

At first he thought, "I did not deserve it, either." But as he remembered more and more what he had done, he began to think that perhaps, after all, it was not so strange that his brothers had become tired of having him around.

"I was pretty conceited," he decided. "They were older than I, and had always taken care of the work for father without any trouble. It was not right for me to make father angry with them."

He felt ashamed as he thought of the boasting he had done. He had been so sure that he was superior to his brothers that he even dreamed about it; and then told them what he had dreamed.

"I dreamed," he told them one day, "that we were binding sheaves in the field, and my sheaf stood upright, and your sheaves all bowed down before it."

"Oh, really!" said his brothers. "So you think you are going to boss all of us, do you?"

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He knew that it hurt their feelings when he talked that way, especially when they saw that their father was impressed by Joseph's high talk. But Joseph was so well pleased with himself that he did not care how much it hurt the others. So he told another dream.

"I dreamed that we each had a star, and the sun and moon and eleven stars bowed down to my star."

Even his father thought that was going a little too far.

"Do you think that I and your mother and your brothers are going to bow down to you?" he asked. (He meant Joseph's stepmother; Joseph's own mother was dead.)

The brothers were glad that Jacob reproved him; but at the same time, they saw that the old chief really believed that Joseph was going to become very important.

Now, as Joseph plodded along through the desert on his way to Egypt, he thought of all these things. He felt sorry and ashamed when he remembered how selfish he had been.

"I guess I deserved what I got," he said to himself. "I did not care how bad I made them feel. In the future I must think of other people's feelings, and try not to make them unhappy. And I must not be boastful; I must not try to show off."

But he remembered that it was not likely that he would ever again have anything to boast about. He had no home; he did not own even the scanty clothes that he wore.

"I am a slave!" he thought. He felt frightened, and sad, and lonely.

JOSEPH REMEMBERS A STORY

Then into his mind came a story which his father had often told him.

When Jacob was a boy he had gone away from home on a long journey. He had never before been away from his mother, and when night came he felt homesick and alone. He lay down to sleep, with his head on a stone. He dreamed that he saw a ladder, which reached into heaven, and on it were angels ascending and descending, and he dreamed that God spoke to him, and said, "I am with thee, and will keep thee, whithersoever thou goest."

"God will be with me too," thought Joseph. "Wherever I am, he will guide me and watch over me."

He felt happier, for he knew that he was not alone; and he knew also that no matter where he might be, or what might happen to him, God would be near him. When the time came to rest, he went to sleep confidently.

Early the next morning, while the stars were yet shining, the caravan started again. Presently the heavens began to grow rosy; even the western sky reflected the long streaks of color.

Joseph's heart leaped with wonder; he cried out in delight. Just before him was such a sight as he had never even imagined was possible. Out of the level land white city walls arose, holding the light of the sunrise as if it were a golden fire.

"Surely God is here!" he thought, and went forward bravely to meet the new life.

Home Work:

1. Look up and learn Matthew 5. 8.
2. In the following references you will find some descrip-

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tions Jesus gave of God. Look them up and then write a statement of the idea of God that you get from these verses:

Matthew 5. 43-48; 6. 25-33; 7. 9-11; 18. 12-14.

Luke 6. 35, 36.

John 4. 24; 5. 17; 17. 3.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BOY FROM THE WILDERNESS

IV. THE BROTHERS TAKE A REVENGE

WHILE all these things were happening to Joseph, his brothers out in the wilderness had plenty of time to repent their bargain with the Ishmaelites.

At the time when they sold Joseph they were so angry with him that they did not care what happened to him, so long as he was out of their way. They were angry with him because he told Jacob about the dishonest things they did. They were jealous of him because he was their father's favorite. Joseph had better clothes than they. Jacob had had a coat specially woven for him, of beautiful colors, much finer than any garment the others possessed; and the sight of that coat always reminded them of their grievances. Then, too, they hated Joseph because he was brighter than they were. Instead of being proud of such a clever brother, they spent a great deal of time telling each other how greatly they disliked him, and what they would do to him if they had a chance. It annoyed them to see that Joseph did not seem to know that they hated him; he had so many things to think about that he did not worry over the slights he received from his brothers.

"Let us kill him," they said, when they saw him coming across the plain. "That will stop his dreaming; and we can tell father that he was killed by a wild animal."

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But the oldest brother, Reuben, would not agree to this plan.

"Surely you would not kill your own brother," he said. "I will tell you a better way to get rid of him. Put him in this pit; he will soon die of hunger and thirst."

There were few streams running through that country, so the shepherds had dotted the plains and hillsides with pits, or cisterns, to hold rain water. At this time of the year these cisterns were dry.

Reuben did not mean to leave Joseph to die in the pit, but he knew that it was no use to try to argue with the brothers when they were so angry.

"I can come back when they are not looking," he thought, "and take Joseph out of the pit and send him home."

The brothers agreed to do as Reuben suggested. As soon as Joseph reached them they took his bright-colored coat away from him and, in spite of his pleading, threw him into the pit.

They sat down to eat their lunch. While they were eating, a slave caravan came in sight.

"After all," said Judah, "Joseph is our brother. It would be a terrible thing to let him die. Suppose we sell him to these Ishmaelite traders. That will get him out of the way, and we shall not be guilty of killing him."

They pulled Joseph up, and hastily traded him to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver.

Reuben did not have any hand in this transaction. He was away looking after the sheep while his brothers were eating. When he came back he went straight to the pit, intending to rescue Joseph. But the pit was empty.

THE BROTHERS TAKE A REVENGE

He hurried to find his brothers. "Joseph is gone!" he cried. "Oh, what shall I do?"

He was very angry when they told him they had sold Joseph. In fact, by that time all the brothers were beginning to realize what they had done and were wishing they had left Joseph alone.

"What shall we say to father?" they asked one another.

They were ashamed to lie to Jacob, but they were afraid to tell the truth. So they took Joseph's bright coat, and dipped it in the blood of a goat which they had killed.

They took the coat home and showed it to Jacob.

"Look at this!" they said. "What do you suppose has happened?"

"Joseph is dead!" cried the old man. "My son has been torn in pieces by a wild beast!"

He tore his garments and put on sackcloth and mourned for Joseph.

All the household was unhappy. Everybody tried to comfort Jacob, but their efforts were in vain.

"My son is dead," he said. "I shall never be happy again."

Home Work:

1. When Wilbur and Orville Wright were at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1903, an elderly man named Octave Chanute came to see them and to inspect their flying machine. Mr. Chanute had spent many years trying to make a practical glider. He had not been able to realize his own ambition, but he was interested in what the Wright brothers were doing. He looked over their machine and made a number of criticisms and suggestions. He wanted them to succeed, even though he, himself, had failed.

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Be prepared to give another instance of such willingness to give honor to others. You may be able to find one in a book of history or biography, or you may have something to tell from your own experience.

2. "Be careful how you judge other people," Jesus said, "for you yourself will be judged in the same way. You can see your brother's faults, but you do not see your own faults, which are probably much more serious than his. Before you start to reform other people, try very hard to become just the sort of person you yourself should be; then you will understand better how to help your brother to be good." (Read Matthew 7. 1-5.)

Discussion:

1. A writer once spoke of envy and jealousy as "the wild horses of the heart." What do you think she meant?

2. Rupert worked hard in the oratorical contest, and was disappointed because Nathan won the first prize. "Nathan's father was acquainted with one of the judges," was Rupert's comment. If Rupert knew positively that the contest was not conducted fairly, should he have said anything about it? If he only suspected that it was not conducted fairly, should he have spoken as he did? How should one take a defeat?

3. Rose Ellen was very pretty but had silly ways. When anyone spoke to Barbara about Rose Ellen's beauty, Barbara would say, "Yes, she's pretty, but she's awfully affected." What do you think about this?

CHAPTER XIX

THE BOY FROM THE WILDERNESS

V. THE CITY OF A THOUSAND WONDERS

JOSEPH's quiet life in the desert was now left far behind. Sometimes he stopped in the midst of the chattering crowds in the market and tried to realize where he was and what had happened.

It had been hard enough at first to do this. When the great lord Potiphar, captain of the king's guard, bought the desert boy from the Ishmaelites, Joseph found himself in an entirely new world.

To be sure, it was not an unattractive world. He lived now in a house instead of a tent; a house built of wood and sun-dried bricks, covered with white stucco, like the city walls. In the painted floors beautiful designs were to be seen, worked out in rich colors; the latticed windows were curtained with brightly tinted tapestries. Carved furniture of ebony, inlaid with ivory, and jars, vases, and bowls of pottery and precious metals showed that the master of the house was both rich and highly cultured.

The house stood in a large garden, with palms and fruit trees and grape arbors around it. There were many servants, both in the house and in the garden; their work was not too hard, and they were treated kindly. The Egyptian lord enjoyed feasting and music; and many were the parties and entertainments to which his friends were invited.

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There was so much going on all the time both in the city and in the great house of Potiphar that for many days Joseph had a feeling of walking in a busy dream. It was especially difficult because he did not understand the Egyptian language; and the upper servants, whom he was set to help, made little effort to teach him, but instead, laughed at his blunders.

But Joseph had bright eyes and a clear head; he was not caught making the same mistake twice. He applied himself with all his might to learning the new language and the new ways. The other servants played jokes on him; but Joseph, when he understood the joke, laughed as heartily as they did.

"The Hebrew boy is very good-natured," the head cook said to a group of the servants, as they rested in the cool of the evening.

"Yes, he does not pity himself, and tell everyone his troubles, the way some of these desert people do," said the gardener. "It isn't any use to worry other people with your troubles when they can't do anything to help you."

"Joseph is too busy to think about his troubles," said the cook. "I have never seen a boy learn so fast. If I tell him to do anything, that is the end of it; he is sure to do it right, and I don't have to watch him every minute."

"No, you don't have to watch Joseph," agreed the gardener. "He really wants to learn how to do everything in the best way. But he says some strange things. He says that in the land he comes from the soil is not watered from the river, but that enough water falls from the sky for the crops."

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"From the sky?" echoed the cook, astonished, while the other servants went into gales of laughter at such an absurd idea. "I know that a little moisture comes from the sky sometimes, but enough for the crops—it is impossible."

"Just fancy," the gardener went on, "that such a story was true. One would never know when to plant the seeds. The water might come down at any time—at a festival, even. How strange it would be to see so much water falling from the sky!"

"I am not certain but what the story is true," said another voice. The butler, a person of importance in the household, had stopped to find out what the joke was about. "Joseph is a simple country boy, but he knows many things that we do not, even though we live in the city. Perhaps all the water for the crops *does* come from the sky in that strange land. At any rate, Joseph will soon be able to tell us things we do not know about our own country. Lord Potiphar is going to send him to school, and hereafter he will assist the steward in keeping the accounts."

The butler, highly pleased with the sensation he had created, went on his way. He was not sorry that Joseph had been chosen for this promotion. The desert boy was never afraid to do an extra bit of work; he was always pleasant and obliging.

"But I hope his good fortune won't turn his head," the butler said to himself.

Joseph was thinking something of the same sort. "I must not let myself get conceited again," he thought. "How silly I was, fancying myself better than everyone else—and see what trouble it caused me! Even though I go to school, I am still only a

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servant!" Then a better idea came to him. "Surely, a servant who is learning something is much better than a prince who thinks he knows all there is to know. Let me be a good servant, and find my pride in doing my work well!"

He lay on his back in the warm sand and looked up at the sky. His day's work was over. He would have to be up early in the morning to start to school, where he would learn to read and to write and to keep accounts. He would find out how the land was measured and divided, and how the architects made the plans for the great stone buildings which seemed to him so amazing.

How many marvelous things he had seen since he left his home! He thought of the mighty temples, with the high sloping walls in front, and the long rows of huge pillars dividing the sculptured halls. He thought of the festival days, when the temples were filled with light-hearted merrymakers, crowned with lotus leaves; of the hush, and the heads bowed to the earth, as the Pharaoh rode by in his chariot; of the boats that dotted the Nile, filled with laughing, singing crowds making the most of their holiday.

And he thought also of the cool, dark papyrus swamps where Lord Potiphar and his friends went hunting; of the strange animals, the crocodiles and the hippopotami; and the brilliantly colored birds.

In his mind he saw the busy market, with caravans arriving from distant lands amid a babel of voices in unknown languages; of the many strange fruits and vegetables and meats which the Egyptians used for food; of the carved furniture, and the exquisite jewelry, and the rich fabrics which were for sale.

He remembered too, with a wry smile, the shoving

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and jostling which he received in the crowds, and the insolent orders to move on or to get out of the way. How angry such treatment would have made him, when he was the petted son of the chief! But Joseph the slave boy had learned to accept such rudeness quietly, and keep his temper.

The stars shone, large and bright, and seemingly very near. Just so he had seen them shine about his father's tent in the wilderness. It seemed as if a voice spoke in his heart, "I am with thee, and will keep thee, whithersoever thou goest."

Home Work:

1. Read Matthew 25. 14-30.
2. Choose the names of two persons in the following list, and be prepared to tell how they improved their talents in the face of difficulties:

Louisa M. Alcott

Helen Keller

Alexander Bell

Theodore Roosevelt

Henri Fabre

Booker T. Washington

Frances E. Willard

Discussion:

1. Eddie Rickenbacker, ace of American aviators during the World War, wrote in his diary after a promotion: "Just been promoted to command of 94 squadron. I shall never ask any pilot to go on a mission that I won't go on. I must work now harder than I did before."

2. Arthur is bright. He says: "I don't need to study hard. I can get passing grades without working."

John finds his school work very difficult. "It is no use for me to study. I can't keep up with the class anyway."

How would you answer Arthur? How would you answer John?

CHAPTER XX

THE BOY FROM THE WILDERNESS

VI. A TURN IN THE TIDE

JOSEPH applied himself in school, and learned as rapidly there as he did everywhere else. All the while he was helping the chief steward, who managed not only the house and grounds, but all Lord Potiphar's business affairs as well. Joseph learned how to buy and sell, how to invest the master's money, and how to spend it to the best advantage. He heard what was going on in the king's palace; how the affairs of the empire were administered; who the chief men were, and what they thought about all the different state questions.

He learned too how the great nobles behaved when they were at home and when they were at court; he became familiar with the proper etiquette for all sorts of occasions.

Before long he himself became the chief steward, the real ruler of the household.

Lord Potiphar was very proud of him.

"I have a wonderful steward," he said to his friends. "I bought him from some Ishmaelite traders when he was a boy, and trained him myself. I never knew anyone who could manage as well as he can. I simply don't bother about my business affairs at all; Joseph takes care of everything. He is absolutely honest; I trust him with all that I have."

Joseph enjoyed this life.

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"I have found out the secret of living," he said to himself. "If one works hard and always does his best and treats other people fairly, he is sure to get along well. If people have troubles, it is because they have done wrong and have brought their troubles on themselves."

Then something happened that made Joseph realize that he did not know as much as he thought he did. Someone told Lord Potiphar an evil story about him, and Lord Potiphar believed it. He not only discharged Joseph from the good position he had worked so hard to get but he also had him put in jail.

"What shall I do?" thought Joseph. "I can never get away from here. Everything that I have worked for all my life is lost."

He felt sad and dejected. He was quite innocent; he had done nothing at all to deserve such a punishment. But everyone who knew him thought he must be guilty. It seemed as if the situation was quite hopeless.

Then again Joseph remembered the words Jacob had heard in his dream, "I am with thee, and will keep thee, whithersoever thou goest."

"That means," thought Joseph, "that God will take care of me, even in prison. Even if I have to stay here all the rest of my life, I will not be alone, for God will be with me."

Before long the jailer began to notice Joseph. He was not downcast and unhappy, like the other prisoners; his face was cheerful and serene. When he was given a hard task, he did it willingly and well. He was kind to the other prisoners; they all became more cheerful when Joseph was near.

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The jailer liked to be near Joseph too. He liked to talk with Joseph. He found out that he could trust Joseph always, so he began to let Joseph look after the other prisoners. He asked Joseph's advice about how to manage the prison. Soon it was hard to tell who was in charge of the prison, the jailer or Joseph.

Joseph had learned a hard lesson. He knew now that troubles do not always come because people have done wrong. Often it seems as if people are punished for doing right. Even the very persons whom they are helping will turn against them, and treat them cruelly.

So Joseph did not judge the prisoners harshly. Instead he was sorry for them, and did all that he could to make the life in the prison easier for them.

Joseph learned a great deal from the prisoners. They were men like himself, from good positions; and among them were upper servants from the king's palace. Even in the prison Joseph was getting new ideas and added information from day to day.

There was, naturally, a good bit of talk about the Nile. Egypt's life has always depended on this river; without the Nile the country would be simply a part of the desert. For the most part Egypt is nothing more than a long, narrow river valley, with desert on both sides. The land is made ready for cultivation by the overflowing of the river, which begins regularly every year at a period corresponding to our late summer. The water is carried over the land in irrigation canals. The rainfall is very slight; in some parts of the country rain is almost unknown; so if the river, for any reason,

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does not rise as high as usual, a crop shortage necessarily results.

Joseph, in managing Potiphar's estate, had become acquainted with the conditions in his own part of the country; the prisoners told him about other sections from which they had come, or about which they had learned from reports sent in to the king.

He was as busy and interested in the prison as he had been anywhere else. He did not waste any time or strength complaining about his hard luck, or plotting to become revenged on the people who had injured him. He made the best of the situation and helped the other prisoners to do the same.

He, of course, heard a great deal more about what was going on than the rest did. So when, one morning, two of the men told him their troubles, he was able to advise them correctly.

These two men were the butler and the baker from the king's palace. They had displeased the Pharaoh, and he had sent them to prison to wait while he made up his mind what he would do to them.

On this morning Joseph noticed that they were both looking worried.

"What is the matter?" he asked, sympathetically.

Each answered that he had had a bad dream the night before.

In those days people thought the future was revealed through dreams. It was true then, just as it is now, that when people are very anxious about a situation they are likely to dream about it. Sometimes there are things in our minds—things that we really know, but don't allow ourselves to think about—that come up in our dreams. It may happen, therefore, that a dream will be truer than our

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thoughts; but that is because we are likely to be not quite honest in our thoughts; and because we try to overlook things that we don't want to believe.

So when the men told their dreams to Joseph he was able to tell them what the dreams meant. The king, he said, would forgive the butler and take him back into the palace; but the baker would be hanged.

In a short time these things happened.

When the butler left the prison he said good-by to Joseph and thanked him for his kindness.

"Don't forget me," said Joseph. "When the king talks with you, tell him about me and ask him to set me free."

"I surely will," the butler promised.

But when he found himself back in his old place, he forgot about the friend who had tried to help him. Day after day and month after month went by, and still no word of hope came to Joseph.

Home Work:

1. Read Matthew 9. 2 and Matthew 14. 22-27. Can you find any other places where Jesus told people to cheer up?

2. Be prepared to tell a story about someone who kept cheerful under difficult conditions. You may find such a story in *Through the Brazilian Wilderness*, by Theodore Roosevelt, or in one of David Livingstone's books: *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*, or *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and Its Tributaries*, or in *Last Journals of David Livingstone*.

Discussion:

1. When the girls in Margaret's class are planning a good time, they are likely to say, "Don't ask Margaret. If anything goes wrong, she'll talk about it the rest of

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her life." Can you think of a better way to deal with Margaret?

2. "If you never complain about things, people will impose on you," Frank says. What do you think about this? Suppose you are called out of a game when you are sure you are keeping the rules? Suppose you have a teacher who gives you low marks, no matter how well you do your work? Suppose you are blamed for losing or breaking something, when you really do not know anything about it?

CHAPTER XXI

THE BOY FROM THE WILDERNESS

VII. THE BUTLER REMEMBERS A FRIEND

FOR a while after the butler left the prison Joseph felt quite hopeful.

"I shall soon be set free," he said to himself.

But the days went by, and the weeks, and the months, until at last Joseph's hopes died away.

"He has forgotten me," he said to himself. But he did not let himself become discouraged.

One morning the king woke up very cross.

"I have had a bad dream," he said. "Bring in the wise men, so that they can tell me what it means."

He had dreamed that he was standing on the banks of the Nile, watching seven fat cattle feeding in the reed-grass. Seven thin cattle came up and ate the seven fat ones. The king waked up, but when he went to sleep again he dreamed that seven thin ears of grain ate up seven fat ears.

The wise men looked serious and important, but they could not give an explanation that satisfied the king. Everybody all over the palace was disturbed. They knew there would be no peace until the king had a satisfactory answer. Everybody wanted to help out, because they saw it was an opportunity to gain the good favor of the king.

Then the butler remembered Joseph.

"I do remember my faults this day," he said to the

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king; and told him how Joseph had explained the dreams which he and the baker dreamed in the prison.

"Send for Joseph!" said the king.

The king's messengers went in a hurry to call Joseph.

"You must come right away!" they said.

Joseph hastily made himself neat and clean, and put on fresh clothes. Then he ran to the palace.

The king told Joseph his dream.

"Your dream means," said Joseph, "that there is a time of famine coming, when the Nile will not rise high enough to water the land, and the crops will fail."

"What shall I do?" asked the king.

Now, Joseph had wondered many times what would happen if the Nile should fail to rise and prepare the land for the crops. He had thought out ways of providing for the people, so that they would not have to die of starvation. So he was ready to answer the king's question. This was his plan: While the harvests were good, enough food should be gathered up and stored in the cities to provide for the people during the time of famine. An overseer should be appointed for each district in the country, to work under the direction of one man whom Pharaoh should appoint to be in charge of the food reserves for the entire kingdom.

The king and all the people at the court thought that the plan was very good.

"We ought to start at once," said the king. "I must find a wise man to take charge of this work." Then he said to his courtiers, "Is there anywhere a better man for the place than this one, who has the

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spirit of God?" He spoke to Joseph: "Since God has shown you all this, you are better able to take charge of the work than anyone else. The people must do whatever you say. I am the king, but you are next to me, and you are above everyone else in the country."

The king gave Joseph his signet ring, and a gold chain to wear about his neck. Joseph rode in a chariot behind the king, and all the people bowed down when he passed by.

Joseph did not allow his honors to turn his head. He knew that he was no better, riding in his chariot, than he had been in prison. He put his attention on his work. He traveled from one end of the country to the other, and saw to it that in every city storehouses were built and filled with grain.

When the famine came the people went to the king.

"We are hungry," they said. "What shall we do?"

"Joseph will take care of you," the king answered.

Joseph sold the grain in the storehouses to the Egyptians, and they did not starve. But in the other countries there was no grain laid up, so those people too had to come to Joseph to buy food.

Home Work:

1. Read Genesis 47. 13-26.
2. Learn this verse: "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy" (Matthew 5. 7).
3. Make a list of the organizations in your community—your city or county—that provide care for the sick, that provide care for children, that provide care for old people, and that provide for people with special disabilities like blindness and deafness. Make a list of the

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organizations that take care of families or individuals who have met with misfortune.

4. What does your church do to help people who are in need? Your church school?

Discussion:

1. What do you think of Joseph's plan for helping hungry people during a famine? Was it fair to make the people pay for the grain? What do we do to-day when there is a famine, a flood, a severe drought, an earthquake, or a great fire?

2. When Ellen heard how thousands of children were suffering because of a famine, she took all the money she had been saving for a trip to the beach and gave it to the Red Cross. On her way home she saw Marcia, who was poorly dressed, taking home a basket of clothes for her mother to wash. Ellen crossed the street so that she would not have to walk with Marcia. Discuss this situation.

CHAPTER XXII

THE BOY FROM THE WILDERNESS

VIII. JACOB RECEIVES A MESSAGE

THROUGH the land of Canaan a caravan was passing. From their shaded seats on the backs of the camels the Ishmaelite traders looked upon an unhappy scene. As far as they could see the vegetation lay shriveled and dry. In the grain fields the tender sprouts had withered to the ground. Wide cracks appeared in the sun-baked earth. The few water courses had either run dry or only a faint trickle of water flowed between the banks.

An old man rode on one of the camels. He was so shrunken and his skin was so leathery and so deeply wrinkled that it seemed as if he too must have been baked and withered by the sun. His eyes, under his ragged, bushy eyebrows, were as bright as the points of a flame.

"You say you have a reason for traveling so far out of your way," observed a younger trader, fretfully. "What possible reason can you have for taking our camels over this rough trail, when they are so heavily laden? Our wives and children are anxiously waiting for the grain we are bringing from Egypt. Is there some handsome profit to be made by this extra traveling?"

"No profit," the old man answered. "I merely wish to see my ancient enemy, Jacob, and tell him there is grain in Egypt." He chuckled. "Let him send his strapping sons to buy it."

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"Why do you concern yourself about Jacob?" The voice was full of exasperation. "You have been waiting for years for a chance to take a revenge on him, and now you go to all this trouble to do him a favor."

"Softly, softly," cautioned the old man. "An hour's extra traveling is nothing to complain about. How often have I told you that you go about the world with your eyes shut? Did you not see the great lord who is over all the buying and selling of grain in Egypt?"

"I saw him at a distance, with his smooth face and his great gold chain. My business was with his servants; that fine Egyptian does not weigh and measure grain."

"You saw him, and you thought him an Egyptian! Perhaps Jacob's sons will do likewise." The old man chuckled again; he rubbed his hands, and pulled at his beard.

The younger man glanced at him doubtfully, then sank into puzzled contemplation.

The men of Jacob's tribe did not like cities. Nothing short of the direst necessity could have brought the ten sons of the old desert chief on the long and tiresome journey to Egypt; and even before they reached the storehouse where the life-saving grain was kept they were wishing themselves back in the wilderness.

With their rough, shaggy beards and their sheep-skin coats they made an unusual sight among the smooth-shaven, white-clad Egyptians. In their own land their movements had a fearless grace; but here, hedged in by streets and buildings, they blun-

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dered along awkwardly, conscious of the fact that even the slaves were laughing at them.

A crowd of children and idlers followed them to the storehouse. The unusual commotion attracted the attention of the great Zaph-enath-paneah, who was next in power to the Pharaoh. "I must see what these men want," he said to his servants. He called an interpreter, and spoke harshly to the men from the wilderness: "Where do you come from?"

They bowed down before him, with their faces to the earth.

"We have come from the land of Canaan," they answered, "to buy food."

In the eyes of the Egyptian overlord there was a far-away look, as if he were remembering something. But he spoke again roughly: "You are spies; you have come from some foreign king to see how much the country has been hurt by the famine."

"Nay, my lord," they answered; "we have not been sent by any foreign power. We are all brothers; there were twelve of us, but the youngest is at home with our father, and one is dead."

"That is a fine story," said the Egyptian. "You will have to prove to me that you are telling the truth. Bring your youngest brother here, and I will know that you are honest men, and not spies."

He shut them up for three days; then he talked with them again.

"I am going to give you a chance," he said, "to take the food home to your families; but I shall keep one of you here until I am sure that you are telling me the truth. Remember, when you come again you must bring your youngest brother with you, or I will not sell you any grain!"

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The interpreter repeated these words to them in their own language.

"Oh," they said to one another, "we shall all starve! Our father never will let Benjamin go so far away! He would die if any harm should come to Benjamin! This is our punishment for the way we treated Joseph! How he begged us not to send him away, but we would not listen to him!"

"Didn't I tell you not to do it?" Reuben reminded them. "But you paid no attention to me!"

They did not think that any one except the interpreter knew what they were saying. But the great man who had charge of all the supplies was listening very earnestly to them. When he heard them talking about their brother who had been lost, he turned his face away and wept.

Presently he spoke to them again. "The rest of you may go home but this man must stay here until you bring your youngest brother and prove to me that you are telling the truth."

He took Simeon out of the group, and told his servants to bind him. Then he quietly ordered the servants to fill the sacks of the brothers with grain, and also to put the purchase money into the sacks. In addition, the brothers were given enough food to last them all the way home.

When they got home they found the money in the sacks. They were frightened.

"There is something very strange about this," they said to one another.

Home Work:

1. Learn Mark 10. 42-45.

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2. How would these people be taken care of in your city or town or community:

a. Mrs. O'Brien is too old to work any longer. Her husband is dead and her one son has a family to support and has only part-time work, so that he cannot do anything for her.

b. Joe Williams (12 years old) is slowly losing his sight. None of the doctors in town can help him. A specialist in a distant city has successfully treated many cases like Joe's, and it is quite probable that he could save Joe's sight. Joe's father cannot afford to send Joe to the city to be treated by the specialist.

c. The three little Carter girls live with their grandmother, who has a very small income and cannot earn anything. All three girls are seriously undernourished.

Is there any organization that will take care of old people like Mrs. O'Brien?

Is there any money to be used for children like Joe? Perhaps the county or the state makes some provision for such cases. See what you can find out about this.

Does your school do anything for children who do not have enough to eat? Is anything besides food needed in the Carter family?

Discussion:

"Which of us will be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" the disciples asked Jesus one day.

"You do not understand what you are asking," Jesus replied. "The one who will have the highest place in the kingdom of heaven will be the one who is willing to work the hardest and suffer the most for others."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE BOY FROM THE WILDERNESS

IX. THE BROTHERS PROVE THEIR LOYALTY

WHEN the brothers got home they had quite a time explaining to their father why Simeon had not returned with them. The old chief had never ceased making everyone around him miserable because he had lost Joseph, and now he added Simeon and Benjamin to his list of troubles. He complained and lamented, saying, "All these things are against me."

The brothers, however, knew that it would be of no use for them to go to Egypt unless they took Benjamin; so when they were again in need of food both Judah and Reuben solemnly promised that if Benjamin would go with them they would bring him back safely.

Even so, Jacob kept them waiting until they were afraid their children would suffer from hunger. Jacob had had his own way so long that he had forgotten that other people had rights, as well as himself. His sons loved their children as much as he loved Benjamin, but he did not think of that. Besides, Benjamin was a grown-up man, and able to take care of himself.

At last, however, the brothers insisted on going, and on taking Benjamin with them. Seeing that there was no way out of it, the old chief consented.

"Take a present to that man," he said. "Take

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him some fruit, and honey, and perfumery, and nuts, and almonds. Take back the money that you found in your sacks, and also pay him double the regular price for your grain. And God bless you."

When Zaph-enath-paneah saw the brothers, and Benjamin among them, he told his steward to invite them all to his house for dinner. They were afraid to go, but the steward spoke kindly to them, and brought Simeon out to them, and gave them water to wash themselves, and food for their animals. They heard that the Egyptian lord was going to eat with them, so they got their present ready for him.

When he came home to dinner they bowed down before him, and gave him their present. He asked about Jacob, and spoke to Benjamin. He ate at a separate table, but they all had a pleasant time at the dinner.

Early the next morning the brothers started home. Before they had gone far the steward overtook them, saying that a silver cup was missing. They were quite sure they had not stolen it, and said that if he found it in any of their sacks, the one to whom the sack belonged would serve as a slave to the Egyptian. One after another the sacks were opened. The cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Benjamin, of course, had not stolen the cup. Joseph's servant had put it into his sack.

They all went back to the city, and hastened to the house of the Egyptian lord.

He told them that he did not want to punish any of them, except the one who had the cup.

"The rest of you can go home to your father," he said. "I will keep Benjamin to be my servant."

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Then Judah forgot his fear of the great man. He came near to him and said: "Please listen to me, just for a moment. I know you are as great and powerful as the king, but please let me tell my story, and do not be angry with me."

He told him how Jacob had grieved throughout the years for Joseph; and how sad he felt to let Benjamin go away from him. He was afraid that Benjamin would disappear, as Joseph had.

"Our father will die," Judah said, "if Benjamin does not return to him. Please take me to be your slave, in place of Benjamin. I could not bear to go home without my brother; I could not bear to see my father's grief!"

The Egyptian lord tried to answer, but it seemed as if he could not speak. He turned and motioned to his servants to leave the room. Then, with tears falling over his cheeks, he spoke to the astonished men: "I am Joseph! Is my father truly still living?"

The brothers were frightened. Could this great man really be Joseph? Would he punish them for their cruel treatment of him?

He said: "Come close to me. I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. But do not grieve about that now, because God sent me here to provide food for the people and to save many lives. Go to my father and tell him that God has made me ruler over all of Egypt, and tell him that I want all of you to come here and stay with me until the famine is ended."

The older brothers were dumb with amazement. But Benjamin threw his arms around Joseph's neck and kissed him.

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"It really is Joseph," the older brothers thought. "He has forgiven us; he loves us; he wants to do good to us."

The weight of grief and anxiety was lifted from their hearts, and one by one they went to their new-found brother and greeted him.

Home Work:

1. Look up Matthew 5. 38-41; 6. 12-15; 18. 21, 22; and Mark 11. 25.
2. Write a definition of "forgiveness."

Discussion:

1. Wallace found a big boy teasing some little girls. The boy tipped the children off their teeter board, took their dolls away, and frightened and hurt them. When he refused to leave the children alone, Wallace beat him up and drove him away. What do you think of this?

2. Caroline is very careful of her clothes and of everything that belongs to her. Her sister Martha is continually losing things and tearing her clothes and breaking dishes. When Martha's clothes are torn or dirty, she borrows Caroline's. She borrowed Caroline's pearl beads and broke the string and lost most of the beads. She wore Caroline's white kid gloves when she went skating, and ruined them. Caroline wants to be generous and forgiving. What should she do?

3. Dora lost Jane's algebra. Jane's mother called up Dora's mother and told her about it, and asked her to buy another algebra for Jane. Jane was humiliated. "I think we should have forgiven Dora for losing the book," she said. What do you think about this?

CHAPTER XXIV

GALILEO GOES TO SCHOOL

TEN miles from Florence there is a shady valley among the Apennines. The beauty of the landscape and the healthful mountain air make Vallombrosa a favorite place for travelers—not only from the near-by Italian cities but also from all over the world.

Three or four centuries ago Vallombrosa was just as lovely as it is to-day. Even then vineyards and olive orchards covered the terraced hillsides; the valley was rich with fields of grain and bright with wild flowers.

About the year 1576 a twelve-year-old boy named Galileo Galilei went from his home in Pisa to Vallombrosa to attend school. He lived and went to his classes in a strange old building that seemed to be made up of many buildings, all of different shapes and sizes. The school was in a monastery, and the boys were taught by gray-robed monks.

The strangely named boy from Pisa soon made himself quite at home in the school. The food was plain and the discipline was strict, but Galileo had never known luxurious living. His father, Vincenzo, was of a noble family, but had little money. When Vincenzo was a young man he had hoped to become a great scholar. He studied music and mathematics and wrote some remarkable books. But he could not make a living from his studies;

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he had to go into business in order to feed and clothe his boys and girls.

"I shall be glad when Galileo is old enough to help me," he often thought. "I shall make a cloth merchant of him. There is good profit in buying and selling cloth. A bright boy like Galileo should soon be able to make a living for all of us."

Galileo expected to go to work to help his father as soon as he was old enough. He was used to helping at home and looking after his brothers and sisters. His sisters thought he was the most wonderful brother that any girls ever had. Even when he was quite a small boy he amused them by making clever mechanical toys. Sometimes the toys did not run the way he wanted them to; and then again some of them pleased him by running surprisingly well. Galileo told stories to his little sisters, and made pictures for them, and even made up funny verses to recite to them. He mended their playthings, and their little chairs and doll furniture; and he went to market and knew how to buy the food and clothing for the family as well as his mother did. No wonder his father thought he should soon be taking care of all of them.

Galileo had a younger brother, Michelangelo. This boy, although he had such a famous name, was a spoiled, selfish child. If Galileo made a toy for the sisters, or brought them a treat from the market, Michelangelo would be jealous and angry.

"You never do anything for me," he would say.

Galileo would be sorry for the little boy and would give him, perhaps, something that he himself prized and really wished to keep.

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Vincenzio was very proud and fond of Michelangelo.

"He will be a great musician," he said.

Almost from the time that Michelangelo was a baby his father gave him music lessons. He taught Galileo to play the organ and the lute, but he spent most of his spare time away from business, in teaching Michelangelo.

"Music will be of no use to you," he said to Galileo. "You must learn more practical things. You will have to be a cloth merchant."

In those days if a boy went to school at all he was pretty certain to learn Greek and Latin, as most of the books were written in those two languages. Galileo could read both Greek and Latin when he went to Vallombrosa. He already loved to study, and in the quiet old monastery he had a better opportunity to learn than he had ever had before. His mind was full of questions. Everywhere he went he saw things that interested and puzzled him.

He liked to wander about the valley and to climb the mountainsides. He helped the monks cultivate their vines and fruit trees and work in the garden. Sometimes he took paints and canvas and made a picture of a beautiful scene. The monks encouraged him in this, and he became more and more skillful.

"Perhaps," he thought, "I may become an artist, and paint great pictures in the cathedrals."

"If you will stay with us," the monks said, "we will help you to become an artist."

"I should like to stay here always," said Galileo.

Vincenzio heard that Galileo was beginning to like the monastery better than he did his home.

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"I cannot let him stay there," said Vincenzo. "He must help to provide for his brothers and sisters."

So he sent for Galileo to come home. But when he found what remarkable work the boy had been doing in school he decided not to make him a cloth merchant.

"He wishes to study," Vincenzo said to his friends. "What shall I do?"

"Let him learn to be a physician," they advised. "Physicians often receive large fees and become wealthy."

Galileo was not much interested in learning to be a physician, but he was glad that he could go to school a while longer. Vincenzo had moved the family to Florence, but he sent Galileo to his old home in Pisa to attend the university there.

In those days it was considered very wrong to teach or think anything except the things that were found in books which had been written hundreds of years before. The students were expected to believe exactly what their books said, no matter how foolish the statements might be. For instance, they were taught that motion always makes heat; and to prove this the books said that the ancient Babylonians cooked their eggs by whirling them around in a sling. Galileo tried this plan of cooking eggs, but the more he whirled the eggs the cooler they became. When he asked the teachers to explain this they told him that it was wrong for him to question what he read in his books.

But Galileo made other experiments and found that many more of the teachings were incorrect. He asked so many questions that the teachers

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decided that they did not want him in the school any longer. So when his father tried to get a scholarship for him it was refused, and as Vincenzio had no more money to spend for tuition, Galileo had to go home.

But Galileo had a friend who had studied mathematics, and this friend gave him lessons. Galileo learned so rapidly that in a few months he used his mathematical knowledge in the invention of an instrument for finding out how much of each metal there was in an alloy. He also wrote some learned papers about the movements of the pendulum and the center of gravity in solid bodies. He was highly praised for his invention and for these papers. But he was anxious to help his father; so instead of putting his time on this work which he enjoyed so much he did tutoring and tried to get a position as a teacher. It was very discouraging. It seemed that no one wanted to employ him. For two years he had one disappointment after another. Then at last he got a position in the University of Pisa, where he himself had studied.

Home Work:

1. Read Matthew 7. 24-27 and Luke 6. 47-49.
2. Both Bob and Jack wanted to become aviators. Bob took all the mathematics he was allowed to carry. "I'll need mathematics when I'm a flyer," he said. Jack took as many hours as he was allowed in shop. "Shop is easy," he said. "I can get all the mathematics I need later."

Do you see any connection between these choices and the story Jesus told about the builders?

The following persons built their lives on the solid rock of thorough preparation. Be prepared to tell how any

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one of them made ready for the work which he or she wished to do:

Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz

David Livingstone

Thomas Edison

Jean Henri Casimir Fabre

Louisa M. Alcott

Charles A. Lindbergh

Discussion:

1. Bernard could take his bicycle to pieces and put it together again. He had built a glider that would really fly. He knew more about the radio than anyone else in the family. He had put in a system of electric call bells that worked all over the house. So his father was surprised when Bernard said one evening, "We had to tell to-day what course we would take next year, and I said I would take commercial."

"Why do you choose the commercial course?" asked his father.

"Bob and Henry are going to take commercial and I want to be with them," Bernard answered. "Bob can get jobs for us in his father's store during vacations. And I like to typewrite; I can run a typewriter faster than Bob can and he's been practicing over a year. And Bob says the commercial department has the best ball team, and maybe we can get on it."

"Bob seems to be making all the plans," said Bernard's father. "The commercial course is apparently a good choice for him. He will have to manage his father's big store some day, and he seems already to know how to get other people to do what he wants them to. But you had better think it over carefully before you make your decision."

2. Adelaide has helped her mother with the cooking ever since she was a little girl. She can prepare a meal as well as a grown person. She gets her best school marks in English. She spends most of her spare time reading and trying to write poetry. Adelaide's father wants her to take home economics. Adelaide's aunt

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thinks she should take the commercial course and prepare to be a stenographer. Adelaide's mother wants her to be a teacher. What would you choose for Adelaide?

3. What do you think of these choices:

Peter wants to be a lawyer. He says lawyers make a great deal of money and don't have to work hard.

Jane wants to be a nurse. She likes to cook things for sick people and wait on them, and make them comfortable. And she thinks the nurses' uniforms are "cute."

Alice would like to be a teacher, because teachers have short hours and long vacations and don't have to get their hands dirty.

4. As soon as Charles is through school he will have to be ready to earn as much money as possible, in order to help his mother. So he is going to take a business course, although he really wants to be a doctor. What do you think is the best plan for Charles?

CHAPTER XXV

GALILEO MAKES AN EXPERIMENT

GALILEO's salary at the university was poor, but he helped out by tutoring, and sent home every penny that he could spare.

Meanwhile he went on studying, and before long his discoveries and inventions brought him considerable fame. But soon he found that he had enemies as well as admirers. Many of the other professors in the university were annoyed with him because he would not teach his classes things which he had proved to be untrue. For example, it said in the books used at that time that an object weighing ten pounds would fall ten times as fast as one that weighed one pound. Galileo tried this out and found that it was not true. But when he said that he had found out that it was not true, no one believed him.

"It must be true," they said, "because it is in the book."

In Pisa there is a curious structure known as the Leaning Tower. One morning Galileo asked every one in the university, teachers and students, to come with him to the Leaning Tower.

"They will not doubt me any more if they really see the proof with their own eyes," he thought.

While the others waited below, Galileo climbed to the top of the tower and at the same instant dropped to the ground two weights, one weighing

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one pound and the other ten. The two weights reached the ground at the same time.

"According to the rule in the book," Galileo said, "the heavy weight should have fallen ten times as fast as the light one. But you have seen for yourselves that the two weights fell in the same time. The rule in the book cannot be correct."

"Never mind what we have seen," the professors answered. "The rule must be true. It is in the book; we can show you the very page where it is printed. You have no right to contradict what the wise men said hundreds of years ago."

They went back to the university very angry, and soon Galileo found Pisa an uncomfortable place to live in. No one would speak to him or have anything to do with him. His father died about that time, and Galileo had to provide for the entire family. He could not take care of them on the very small salary he received, so he gave up his position and looked about for another place.

Meanwhile Michelangelo was not making any effort to help. As he was really a gifted musician, Galileo began to look for a position for him too. But Michelangelo was hard to suit. He was always afraid that he would have to work too hard, or that he would not be treated as well as he thought he deserved to be treated. Galileo, however, was not afraid of working too hard; and so he found a place for himself long before his brother got the sort of position that he wanted.

Galileo's new work was teaching mathematics at the University of Padua. Besides teaching his classes and many private pupils he found time for a great deal of writing and inventing. He invented a

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thermometer, a compass, and instruments for drawing, and made important discoveries about levers and pulleys.

Galileo found the people in Padua very different from the people in Pisa. Instead of being angry when he found out something new, they were pleased and interested.

"What a wonderful man Galileo is!" they said. "How fortunate we are to have such a great man in our university!"

His classrooms were crowded with students who came from all over Europe to learn from this wise and famous teacher. He had a large number of private pupils, and as they all wanted to board with him he had to take a large house to live in. As busy as he was, he found time to plan the meals and buy the food for all his boarders. He found time also to work in the garden which adjoined the big house, and with his own hands helped to prune and weed and cultivate the plants. He loved his garden; he enjoyed showing it to his friends, and he often invited them to eat with him in the shade of the vines and the trees.

Meanwhile he was taking care of his mother and his sisters. Michelangelo came to Padua and got some private pupils in music, but what little money he earned he spent on himself. Galileo, however, not only sent money to his sisters; he even picked out the goods from which they made their dresses, and when they married he gave them their dowries and bought pretty curtains and hangings for their homes. He liked beautiful things, and from the descriptions which he left of these presents we can believe that if he had become a cloth merchant

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he would have been a very good cloth merchant indeed.

But all these expenditures left him very little money for himself. And with all his efforts, his relatives were never satisfied with what he did for them, but kept constantly complaining because he did not do more.

At last he began to think: "Why must I carry these burdens all alone? Michelangelo should help."

He talked to his brother about it, and Michelangelo agreed to help. "Only," Michelangelo said, "I must get the right kind of position for myself before I can do anything for anyone else."

It was several years before Michelangelo got a position which he thought was good enough for him. But at last he had an opportunity to be the musician at the court of a Polish prince. It was agreed that he should have two servants to wait upon him, and that he should ride in a coach drawn by four horses, and that he should eat at the prince's table. In addition, he was promised a much better salary than Galileo had received when he was taking care of the entire family.

Galileo felt very happy when all these arrangements were made.

"It will not be so hard now," he thought. "Michelangelo will be able to help out, and I shall not need to do so much tutoring. I shall have more time for my experiments and discoveries."

So he borrowed a large sum of money and bought Michelangelo a fine outfit of clothes and musical instruments.

"I must have the best of everything, for I am to live with a prince," the young musician said. He

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thought that Galileo ought to be very proud of such a talented brother.

"Be sure to pay me back as soon as you can," Galileo told him, "because I had to borrow the money to buy your outfit."

"I will send it the very first time the prince pays me," Michelangelo promised.

But he did not send the money. He did not even write to Galileo. He spent all his money on himself and lived in fine style, until, after four or five years, he lost his position and had to go back to Padua.

Galileo got him another place, this time with the Duke of Bavaria. Again Michelangelo promised to help, but again he forgot all about his promise. He gave expensive parties and dressed in fine clothes; and when Galileo wrote to remind him of his debts he scolded Galileo and told him that he ought to be a kind brother and forget about the debts.

Home Work:

1. Look up and learn John 8. 32.
2. Do people engaged in the following occupations need to be exact and accurate? Give your reason for your answer in each case.

Cooks	Druggists	Engineers
Aviators	Newspaper reporters	Farmers
Surveyors	Clergymen	Storekeepers
Carpenters	Teachers	Sailors
Bankers	Physicians	Policemen
	Nurses	

Discussion:

1. In the winter of 1897-1898 a party of explorers, headed by Salomon August Andrée, perished in the snow of White Island, in the arctic, after months of suffering.

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Nearly thirty-three years later their camp was located, and the records of their trip were brought to light. The men had endured hardships which had finally caused the death of all the members of the expedition; but in spite of this fact they left careful and accurate records and made every possible effort to protect these records in such a way that they would be undamaged even though they were not found for many years.

When David Livingstone was exploring in Africa he kept an account of everything he saw—the plants, the birds, the animals, the lakes and rivers, the appearance of the country, the habits and customs of the natives and how they treated him and his party—and of the experiences of himself and his men. After a day of laborious traveling, particularly during one of his frequent illnesses, it must have been very difficult for him to put so much attention on his journal. Why did he do it? Why did Andrée and his men value their records so highly, and make such an effort to secure their accuracy?

2. How can we learn to be exactly truthful?

3. Geraldine's mother bought her a dress which Geraldine dislikes very much. Geraldine fears that if she says she does not like the dress, she will hurt her mother's feelings. If she says she does like it, she will not be telling the truth; and, besides, her mother will be likely to get her another dress of the same style. What should Geraldine do?

CHAPTER XXVI

A WONDERFUL INVENTION

ALL this while Galileo was learning more and more about the laws that govern our lives and all that happens in the universe. One discovery led to another.

About this time he heard a strange story about a man in Holland who, by putting two pieces of carefully shaped glass together, had made an instrument by which distant objects were brought near to the sight. Galileo thought this over, and presently made an instrument of this sort—a telescope—for himself. It was clearer and stronger than the one made by the Hollander, and brought Galileo a great deal of praise. All over Italy and France rich and great people wanted to have this curious instrument. Most of these people merely played with the telescope as children would. Galileo had to make several for the important and powerful men of whom either he or his brother had found it necessary to ask favors at one time or another. Michelangelo sent a list of people to whom he wished Galileo to send telescopes. Galileo sent the telescopes, but instead of thanking him for all the time and pains he took to make and send these gifts, Michelangelo wrote a sulky letter, complaining because Galileo had not also sent a telescope to him!

While his friends were amusing themselves with

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these wonderful new toys, Galileo was busy experimenting and studying, and presently had a much improved instrument. He tried to make it as nearly perfect as possible, for he wanted to use it, not for amusement, but for serious work.

It was an important time in the history of the world when Galileo made his first observations with his telescope. He began with the moon. It had always been supposed that the surface of the moon was smooth, but Galileo found that it had deep hollows and high mountains. This surprising discovery led our philosopher into many new lines of thought. He was astonished to find out the difference between the planets and the stars. The stars, through his telescope, appeared very much the same as they did when he looked at them with his unaided eyes. It must be remembered that Galileo's telescope, although marvelous for his time, was a vastly less powerful instrument than those in use by astronomers of to-day. But even Galileo's telescope brought out some important facts about the planets, for they appeared not like stars but like small moons. During several years of close observation and profound study Galileo discovered the moons of Jupiter and the ring of Saturn, and finally came to the belief that through these discoveries he had proved something very important.

Two thousand years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic Ocean, a Greek philosopher named Pythagoras taught that the earth was not flat, but a sphere, and that it with the other planets and the sun revolved around a central point. Just before Galileo made his discoveries other philosophers had remembered this ancient theory and had come to

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the conclusion that the earth revolved around the sun. Galileo was able to prove that they were right, and also to add many interesting facts which he had discovered with his telescope.

By this time Galileo's fame had spread all over the world. Important persons in many different lands paid honor to him. But his success had not been won easily. He had worked tremendously hard for many years, and during all that time he had been treated very badly by his enemies. They said that he had not made the discoveries he claimed; that he fixed his telescope so that things would appear different from what they really were; and that his studies were merely a pretense to attract the attention of great and powerful men. He had to spend so much time defending himself that he was not able to do many things which he had planned.

Meanwhile, Michelangelo had been having a hard time to get along. He was too extravagant to be able to live on his salary, and finally sent his wife and seven children to stay with Galileo. But the children were like Michelangelo, careless and disobedient, and Galileo became quite worn out with trying to manage them. He had been ill a great deal of the time for many years; now he became so sick that he thought he would not get well.

While he was recovering, Michelangelo sent for his family. Galileo begged his brother to let the family stay with him, as he was afraid they would starve if they went back to Michelangelo. But Michelangelo thought they had not been treated very well; Galileo's servants had not been as respect-

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ful to the children as he thought they should have been; and so he took them all away.

All this added to Galileo's anxiety and unhappiness. But he had other, even more serious, difficulties to face.

Home Work:

Choose one of the following projects and work it out on paper.

- a. Describe a home of one hundred or more years ago. Perhaps you live near an old colonial house, or a log cabin that has been preserved with its furnishings, or an adobe house in the Southwest. How does it differ from the houses of to-day in arrangements for lighting, heating, water supply, and cooking facilities? What about telephone, radio, etc.?
- b. Describe the preparation of a meal in your grandmother's home. What foods have we to-day that were not in use then—canned goods, fruits and vegetables brought from distant places, articles of food that have been recently discovered or developed?
- c. Write a story about the way a boy or girl in the time of your great-grandparents would have spent one day, from the time he got up in the morning until he went to bed at night.

Discussion:

Look up Mark 2. 21. What does this mean? Not long ago people got a new idea about electricity. This idea was that electricity could be made to perform much of the heavy and monotonous work that had always been done by human strength. This idea, put into practice, has made many important changes in our way of living. One change has led to another until we seem to be living in a different world. We could not make one change without making many other changes.

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This is what Jesus meant by saying that we cannot use a new piece of cloth to patch an old garment. The whole garment will have to be made over.

The ideas that Jesus gave us have made many changes in the world, and these changes are still going on. People used to think that war was necessary, but they are changing their minds about that. They used to think that only a few people should have a chance to become educated, but we do not believe that any more.

Can you think of any other changes that Jesus' teaching is making in the world?

CHAPTER XXVII

DARK DAYS FOR GALILEO

By this time most of the educated people whom Galileo knew believed, as he did, that the earth revolved around the sun. Galileo's friends had encouraged him to publish accounts of his discoveries, and in all lands he was hailed as one of the greatest thinkers the world had ever known.

Galileo's mind was so full of new theories and original ideas that he sometimes feared he would not live long enough to explain them, and they would be lost to the world. He was also very greatly concerned lest the results of his many years of slow and painful toil to prove the movements of the planets and their moons might not be preserved. During all the years he spent at the University of Padua much of his time was taken up with lectures and lessons, and with talking to the visitors who came from foreign lands to see this remarkable man; and all these interruptions kept him from doing the work he most wanted to do.

"If I only did not have to teach," he said again and again, "what wonderful things I could do!"

In 1610 a position was offered to Galileo which seemed to him to be just the opportunity that he needed. The Grand Duke of Florence offered him the title of Philosopher and Mathematician. He would receive a good salary, but would not have to do any teaching; all his time would be free for his

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scientific observations and his writing. So he left Padua, where he had been so well treated for so many years, and went to Florence²⁰⁷.

He had not been there very long, however, before he realized that he had not made a very good bargain, after all. While he stayed in Padua he had been encouraged in his work. His friends there had been proud of his success. His old enemies continued to fight him, to be sure, but they could not harm him very much because he was protected by his good friends and by the University.

In Florence, however, he soon felt the same jealous opposition which had made life so difficult for him in Pisa. But he worked on hopefully. He had many pleasant visits with his daughters, who lived near by in a convent. The older daughter, Livia, who was known in the convent as Sister Maria Celeste, loved to do things for him. She washed and mended his collars, and cooked little treats for him. She hemstitched his dinner napkins, and copied his papers in clear, beautiful handwriting. If she received a nice peach or plum, she sent it to her father. Galileo was equally glad to do things for her. He brought her things to read, and sent warm covers for her bed, and mended the convent clock, and reglazed the strips of cloth which served as windows in the building. Sometimes Maria Celeste had parties for him and other members of the family, and Galileo would help her plan what to prepare, and would buy the food.

Galileo had a son, Vincenzio, but neither he nor the younger daughter was as thoughtful and loving as Maria Celeste.

Several busy years passed. Then, at last, Galileo's

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enemies found a way to do him a great and terrible injury.

Galileo wrote a book in which he explained some of his discoveries and new theories; and in order to make the book easy to read he wrote it in the form of conversations. One of the characters in the book was called Simplicio, or the Simpleton. Galileo's enemies managed to make a very important person believe that Simplicio was a caricature of himself, and that Galileo had written the book merely to make fun of him. Galileo was ordered to come to Rome.

He was old now—past seventy—and in very poor health, and his physician sent word that it would be dangerous for him to travel. But no notice was taken of the doctor's report. So Galileo set out on the long and toilsome journey, traveling most of the way on muleback, and taking time, whenever he stopped at an inn, to write a letter to Maria Celeste.

When he reached Rome he was allowed to stay with some good friends who did all that they could to make him comfortable. Month after month he waited, not knowing what was going to happen to him. Perhaps he would be sent home without any punishment; perhaps he would be imprisoned in a dungeon or tortured or even burned at the stake. He could not find out anything about what would be done.

Meanwhile Maria Celeste was spending most of her time every day doing things for other people. She wrote letters for the other nuns who were not as well educated as she was. She helped in the convent dispensary, and gave out drugs and medicines

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to the sisters and to the poor who came for assistance. She took care of her father's business affairs as well as she could. And she sat up late, night after night, to write long and loving letters to Galileo.

"I pray for you every day," she wrote to him.

In her letters she told him how much everyone wished to see him again. She told him what nice things she was planning for him when he came home. She told him all the news about his house, about the fruit crop and the hay, and about a mule that would not let anyone ride him now that Galileo was gone.

Maria Celeste was often ill, but she did not tell her father that. And when she received sad and discouraged letters from him, she did not let the other people in the convent know.

"I share my good news with them," she said, "but I do not wish to worry them with my troubles."

At last Galileo was brought to trial. It was a very painful and humiliating experience. We do not know all that was done, but we do know that this great and wise man was treated as if he had done wrong. He was told that he must not publish his book, and he was forbidden to teach anything about the movements of the earth or the stars. He was given permission to go to stay with a friend in another city on condition that he would not walk about the streets or invite anyone to come to see him.

He left Rome on foot, walking about four miles a day, and slowly made his way toward the home of his friend, who received him gladly and treated him with great kindness. But Galileo was anxious to get back to his home. Perhaps he had begun to

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fear that all was not well with Maria Celeste. He asked again and again to be allowed to go. At last, after he had quite given up hope, the permission came and he thankfully turned his steps toward Florence.

Home Work:

1. Look up and learn Matthew 12. 34b-37.
2. Be prepared to tell about how the founding of the colony of Pennsylvania differed from the founding of some of the other colonies. What sort of a man was William Penn? How was his character shown in his words and in the things that he did? Did he have opinions of his own? Was he brave or cowardly?

Discussion:

1. There is an old fairy story about a princess who was under an evil spell. "Out of her mouth fell toads and serpents." If our thoughts could take shape as we speak them, what would they look like?
2. Do you think that Maria Celeste deserved any credit for the work that her father did? Give reasons for your answer. What can boys and girls do to help their parents? How should older people be treated?
3. Jack's grandfather peddles vegetables. He is rather peculiar, and the neighbors call him "Old Turnipseed." He wants Jack to help him after school, but Jack is trying to get a paper route so that he will not be able to go with his grandfather. He is afraid that if he is seen peddling with his grandfather the other boys will make fun of him. Discuss this situation.
4. The old neighbor who lives next door to Tom and Charlie likes to come over evenings and tell the boys stories of what he did when he was young. The boys have their home work to do, and, besides, they have heard all the stories over and over. What shall they do?

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE

SISTER MARIA CELESTE had made many happy plans about what she would do for her father when he came home. But she did not carry out any of the plans. Soon after Galileo reached Florence she became ill, and died within a few weeks.

This sorrow seemed to Galileo to be more than he could bear. For several months he did little but grieve for her. Then he began to remember how proud she had been of all the wonderful things which he had accomplished; and he realized that she would rather have him complete his work than spend the rest of his life sorrowing for her. So he again took up his studies and experiments, and made records of all that he learned and observed.

"I must work hard," he told his friends. "I am getting old; there are many things I wish to do before I die."

He had been forbidden to publish anything, but he carefully wrote out accounts of his discoveries and inventions. He knew that some day—perhaps after his death—they would be published, and his wisdom and learning would not be lost to the world.

He found it very hard, however, to have to stay always in his house. He was not allowed to go to Florence to consult his doctor. He could not even go to church without special permission. His friends tried to get more freedom for him but their petitions were refused.

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In the midst of all these discouragements Galileo's sight failed. Eventually he became quite blind. But he did not complain. He only said that his eyes had seen many wonderful things that no other eyes had ever seen. His son and some of his favorite pupils stayed with him all the time. They made drawings under his direction and wrote his words as he dictated to them.

In his last days he began work on a new invention—a clock with a pendulum. This idea had been in his mind ever since he was a student in school in Pisa, where, it is said, the thought of such an invention came to him while he was watching the swaying of a large lamp suspended from the ceiling of the cathedral. But he did not live long enough to make the clock. After his death the invention was finished by his pupils, who carefully carried out the plans which he had left.

All his life the Grand Duke was his loyal friend. The duke and members of his family often visited the blind old man.

"I have only one Galileo," the Duke said.

When at last Galileo died, his friends said, "Now we can show the world how greatly we honored this wise man."

Nearly everyone in Florence wanted to do something to pay respect to the memory of their famous philosopher.

"Let us have a grand funeral," they said, "and let the whole city join in honoring Galileo. Then we will erect a beautiful monument to him, so that all the world will remember that this wise man lived among us while he was thinking his great thoughts and making his wonderful discoveries."

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The enemies heard of this plan.

"There must be no funeral for Galileo," the order came. "It is forbidden for anyone to erect a monument to his memory."

So Galileo was buried quietly, and for years his body rested in a humble, unmarked grave. But that was all changed, long, long ago. The people of Florence now count as one of their greatest glories the fact that Galileo lived in their city. Every word which he is remembered to have spoken and every line which he wrote will always be treasured like gold.

Most important of all, other wise men have been able to use the laws which Galileo discovered and the instruments which he invented, and by means of these have gone on to learn more and greater things than even Galileo ever dreamed of. They have made life less laborious and more hopeful for millions of people; they are learning how to conquer disease and poverty; and they are teaching all of us how we can better follow the laws of God.

Discussion:

1. Jesus told a story about a man who sold everything he had in order to buy the "pearl of great price." (Matthew 13. 45, 46.) Probably everyone has some special interest that, for a time, at least, seems to be worth more than everything else. What do you think Galileo's "pearl of great price" was? Joan of Arc's? Jane Addams'? Charles A. Lindbergh's? David Livingstone's? Woodrow Wilson's? Booker T. Washington's?

2. Hartley was very fond of baseball, and also was very loyal to East Junior High. He wanted his school to win the city championship. He worked so hard on the ball

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team that he barely made his grade in English. Discuss this situation.

3. Marion wanted to be an artist. She had to pass a picture gallery on her way to school. She often became so interested in the pictures that she was late for school. If she was sent on an errand, she sometimes forgot all about it, and went home without doing what she had been sent to do, because the pictures had taken up all her attention. What should be done about Marion?

4. What is your great ambition, your "pearl of great price"? What are you willing to pay for it?

CHAPTER XXIX

MICHAEL, THE HERD BOY

THE last glow of gold and crimson had faded from the western sky. Night had come, clear, cool, and still. From far away the stars sent a quivering light through the velvety blackness that covered the earth.

Michael, the herd boy, huddled close to the knife that stood, buried to the handle, in the ground beside him. Spaced at wide distances across the pasture were other boys, each one listening intently for messages transmitted through the ground to their knife blades. A soft, slow, heavy sound—that meant that the cattle were moving about to find fresh grazing spots. Another sound, regular, almost rhythmic, difficult to describe but easy to recognize—that meant that the tired oxen were feeding contentedly.

All day long the strong, slow-moving animals were kept at work in the harvest fields, and all the able-bodied grown people worked with them. Now the men and women were resting from the day's heavy labor. But the oxen must have time to graze, and they must meanwhile be protected from the bands of thieves which were the terror of the Serbian villages. So the boys had the task of guarding them while the older people, with the exception of a few men who stayed in the fields with the boys, were sleeping.

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Michael knew that if any unaccountable sound came to his ears—if he heard, for instance, a sound as if the cattle were being driven toward the corn-fields that bordered the pasture, it was his duty to tap out a message on his knife handle. This message could be transmitted through the ground to the knife blades of the other herders, as if through a telephone, and all over the field the boys and men would be aroused and would prepare to stop the raid of the thieves.

It was not easy to keep awake. After he had been on duty a while Michael's eyes became used to the dark; but even with his best efforts it was difficult to see the oxen as they drifted like shadows across the field. Although his knife telephone was at hand and he could promptly send a message to them, Michael felt as if the other boys were a long way away from him. Then, too, it grew chilly toward morning.

But Michael's thoughts did not remain long on his loneliness, or the cold, or the danger, or the weariness of the night. As he looked up at the stars it seemed as if they were signaling to him; as if they were sending a message, as intelligible as those the boys tapped out on their knife handles. What were the stars saying to him?

"The heavens declare the glory of God!"

Michael's mother had taught him that psalm. She had never learned to read, but she was wiser, Michael knew, than many people who had gone to school.

A great thought came into Michael's mind. Suppose he were to go to school for many years and learn all that the wise men had written—would he then be able to interpret this message from the

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stars? But he was only a herd boy; he had already learned all that the village school could teach him. And yet, perhaps—. Plans, hopes, dreams of the future came to him.

He did not know how these dreams were to be realized. He could not look into the coming years and see what a famous and learned man he would become. But he did know that he could never forget the awe and wonder, the feeling of the greatness of God, which the stars were giving him.

The darkness began slowly to dissolve; the wide pasture gradually grew visible. Rose color covered the eastern sky. Then the golden sun appeared, rising majestically above the quiet land.

The perils of the night were ended. The sun had brought security, warmth, a feeling of companionship. Michael stood enfolded in its bright rays, listening as if a voice had spoken.

What was it that had come on the rays of the sun that made him feel the nearness of a protecting, guiding Presence?

His heart lifted with a swift uprush of praise and gratitude.

"It is the love of God," he said to himself.

For a moment he lingered, gazing up into the bright sky, then hastened happily to join his friends, as they prepared to return to the village.

Home Work:

1. Jesus said, "The Father himself loveth you" (John 16. 27a). Find in your New Testament four other sayings of Jesus about the love and care of the Heavenly Father.
2. Read Psalm 19. Learn verses 1, 2, and 14.
3. Read in the book *From Immigrant to Inventor*, by

MICHAEL, THE HERD BOY

Michael Pupin, the story of Professor Pupin's boyhood in Serbia.

Discussion:

What laws that God has made must we take into account if we wish to (1) plant a garden; (2) develop strong and healthy bodies; (3) build a house; (4) drive an automobile; (5) make a radio set?

CHAPTER XXX

THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART

ONCE upon a time a famous story-teller went to live on one of the Samoan islands in the Pacific Ocean. He had been ill a long time, and he had to live in a very mild and pleasant climate.

The place that he chose was on high ground near a mountain. The ocean was not far away, and all around were tropical forests, with tangled undergrowth, which made it difficult to reach the highway which led to town.

But soon a path was worn through the jungle. The white man hired gangs of natives to clear the forest near his home, and to build a house for him and his family to live in. When his furniture came, the Samoans brought it on bullock carts from the harbor, and so the path became wider day by day.

But still it was only a path. "I wish there was a real road to town," the white man often said. But it was too difficult to clear the road through the dense jungle.

The newcomer had not been on the island many weeks before the natives found out that he was wise and kind and willing to help them in every way that he could. They often came to him for advice. When a chief on any of the islands had a difficult problem to solve, he tried to find an opportunity to talk it over with the white man, who was always courteous to the natives and always took

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time to listen to them and to help them think out what was best for them to do. They called him "Tusitala," which means "Teller of Tales," and made him a chief.

A terrible war broke out, and when it ended, many of the native chiefs were in prison. They were treated cruelly, and every day were in danger of being put to death.

The white chief, Tusitala, was their only friend. He went to the prison to see them; he took them food; he paid his own money to have the prison cleaned and the chiefs made comfortable. He read to them the words of Jesus to comfort them. And all the while he was doing everything that he could to have them released from prison.

At last the chiefs were set free. As soon as they were out of prison they went along the path through the jungle until they reached the home of the white man. They were old, and they had suffered a great deal while they were in prison, but their hearts were so full of gratitude to their white friend that they forgot their own weakness and could only think of doing something for the man who had helped them.

"You have done much for us," they said to him; "now we will try to show our gratitude. We will make you the road you have wished for."

"It is too great a task for you, my brothers," the white man replied.

But the old chiefs went to work to make the road. The sun was hot, and the chiefs were old and feeble and weary. But week after week they toiled on. It took months of labor to make the road, but at last it was done, and the home of the white man

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was connected with the highway by the wide road for which he had wished so long. Then at the cross-roads, where everyone who passed must see it, they put this sign:

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Remembering the great love of His Highness, Tusitala, and his loving care when we were in prison and sore distressed, we have prepared him an enduring present—this road, which we have dug forever.

Underneath this inscription were signed the names of the ten chiefs who had made the road.

Not long after this the white chief died. His brothers, the Samoan chiefs whom he had befriended, came at once and sat all night with his body. Then they carried him to the top of a steep mountain, and there buried him.

The world remembers that spot because it is the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson. But the Samoans remember it because they can never cease to love the memory of Tusitala, their brother, the white chief with the loving heart.—From the *Elementary Magazine*, by permission.

Home Work:

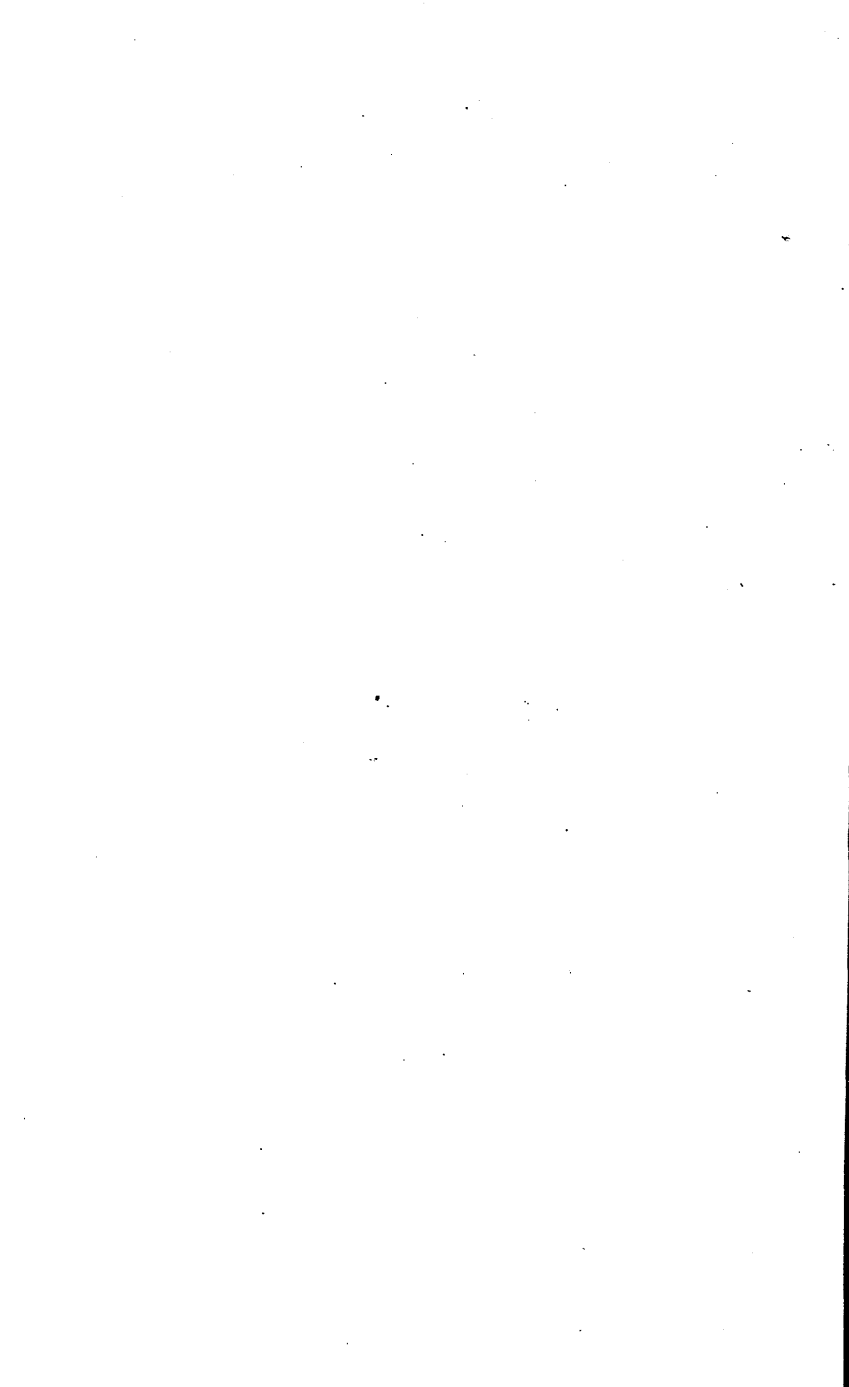
1. What must we do and what sort of persons must we be, to have a share in the kingdom of heaven? You will find the answer in Matthew 25. 31-40.

2. What clippings or stories have you in your collection which tell about happenings that will help to make the world more like the kingdom of heaven? Have you

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heard or read of anything that has been done recently or is being done now, that will help to make the world more like what Jesus wished it to be? Make a list of these things, and bring it to class.

3. Read Tolstoy's story, "Where Love Is, There God Is Also."



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